F O R U M

and Century

APRIL, 1936 VOL. XCV, NO. 4

Free Health

Editorial Foreword

A is for Air
That we breathe day and night.
It must always be fresh
To make us feel right.

THIS ADMONITION is one of the verses distributed by the Central Harlem Health Center in its propaganda for preventive medicine and public health. The institution, opened in 1930, is the oldest of the 7 health centers now operated under the Department of Health in New York City. Negroes predominate in congested Harlem, and they have led their white brothers in demanding better standards of health in our crowded streets!

Mayor LaGuardia of New York has pledged his support toward the completion of a program dividing the city, for purposes of health administration, into 30 districts of around 200,000 population each. In each of these districts it is planned to erect a modern building to house the health center. Already, with the aid of the federal WPA funds and on property owned by the City, new buildings are under construction for the seven existing units. The architectural plans, though not modernistic, are sufficiently modern in a quiet and pleasing sense. One misses in these American designs, however, the flood of sunlight admitted by the glass-and-steel structure of the Pioneer Health Center in London. That will come later.

The opening of the health centers in New York City crowns years of patient preparation by a committee of citizens, the Committee of Neighborhood Health Development, of which Mr. Kenneth D. Widdemer is director. The whole operation is in the hands of this committee, acting under the supervision of the City Department of Health.

LONDON PAYS FOR HEALTH

RECENTLY I wrote in THE FORUM* about my visit to the Pioneer Health Center in London. By comparison with this very advanced London setup, the New York health-center program is of necessity still in a rudimentary stage. The New York health center concentrates on fighting diseases through health and education. The London Pioneer Health Center starts where New York leaves off. The physicians directing the London center spend most of their time in recommending the diets, the exercises, the recreations, the artistic relaxations which we in New York associate not with medicine but with social development. In other words, the London Pioneer Health Center trains the class-c constitution of the normal British workingman to enable him to enjoy the vigor of grade-B manhood. In another generation we shall catch up with London. In London the community can afford to pay for the privileges of the center by small membership dues. In New York the dispensations of the center must be free.

*"*Health Pioneers*": January, 1936.

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Working against greater odds than London offers, the Central Harlem Health Center in New York has performed valiantly during the six years of its existence. Where a hospital only cures disease, the Center works for the prevention of disease. Where a hospital curbs the ravages of physical disability due to ignorance, the Center has time to educate the mother and the child, in the home, in healthy standards of living.

The Central Harlem Health Center is a little institute sitting in the midst of a district of some 200,000 inhabitants, roughly estimated at 50,000 families. So rapid has been the development of its program under the dynamic direction of Dr. Arthur I. Blau that probably there is not a family in residence in the district more than a year that is not aware of the Health Center and what it may mean for more joyous living. Steadily but surely the Center is instilling into the district a health consciousness, by keeping these families informed of what they may do for themselves and the community. Through lectures, through inspection of nurses, through visits to the Center, they are made aware of the advantage of modern diet, of sunlight, of fresh air and exercise, of sleep, of wholesome recreation, and of sanitation and cleanliness in their dwellings, however crowded and humble. In case of illness they are taught how to seek a doctor, for paid service or free, and, if they cannot afford the special tests of microscope and fluoroscope, how to be examined free in the laboratory at the Center.

Health for Harlem

Although the Center is under the auspices of the city Department of Health, it houses the offices of various private agencies working in the district in the interest of public health. In addition to directing 35 official public-health nurses who visit the schools, the factories, the homes, the Center shelters a branch of the Henry Street Neighborhood Nursing Service, which daily sends out 15 nurses to visit the sick in their homes. The professional practitioners in the district, at first suspicious, now see the Center not as a curb but a help to their private work. Physicians, dentists, and pharmacists stand ready and eager to serve patients recommended to them by the Center.

On my recent visit to the Central Harlem Center I was shown the simple but neat offices where expectant mothers come to be examined, and trained in preparation for their children and the care of the newborn. In the baby-health station at the Center 1,000 babies are registered every year, and their care and feeding are ordered. Of 1,000 babies cared for by the baby-health station, only 6 known deaths have occurred, in comparison with almost 90 infants who die out of every 1,000 born in the community at large.

The Center does not relax its care of the child with infancy. Children between the ages of 2 and 6 are carefully supervised, in order that the child may get the most out of his school days. Children whose parents cannot afford proper dentistry are of course cared for at the Center by the dental clinic, which dispatches 15,000 visits a year. Another fact which reveals the careful supervision of the children of this community is the diphtheria toll, only 3 deaths in a year. The Center also gives particular attention to tuberculosis, offering consultation and X-rays in the early stages, and makes possible early hospitalization.

So important is the service of this little building to the community of 200,000 souls that no less than 70,000 visits were made to the Central Harlem Health Center for health supervision in one year, in addition to the work of 150 local doctors who have received cases recommended to them for diagnosis and free treatment.

Last year, in the campaign for health education, 135,000 pamphlets were distributed from the Central Harlem Health Center. The titles are significant: *Excelling in Sports*, *Modern Weapons to Fight Tuberculosis*, *Mother Goose of Health*, *Yesterday and To-day*, *Man's Danger Line Begins at 40*, *Over-weight and Under-weight*, *Colds*, *Influenza*, *Pneumonia*, and, most popular of all, the gayly illustrated booklet for children, *A B C*, with its concluding stanza:

Z is the zone
Wherein safety doth lie,
Stay quietly there
While the autos whiz by.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

More Anniversary Greetings

To the Editor:

. . . I WANT TO BE ONE OF THE ARMY OF AMERICANS LAYING THE PROFOUNDEST GRATITUDE AT YOUR FEET FOR THE MAGNIFICENT JOURNALISTIC STATESMANSHIP YOU HAVE BROUGHT TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE FORUM. THE NATION IS YOUR DEBTOR.

Glenn Frank

Madison, Wis.

To the Editor:

. . . A word of appreciation for the fearless honesty which The Forum has shown in translating for our day those basic, humane purposes — unconfined by petty and egotistical, racial, religious, or economic relations — to which this country was dedicated.

Please accept my personal good wishes for your devotion to those things which really make a stately and self-respecting civilization.

Felix Frankfurter

Law School of Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editor:

Half a century of publication of independent thought is certainly something worth celebrating.

It is, therefore, with great pleasure that I, as one who has often admired the fearlessness of the contents of The Forum, take this opportunity to congratulate all connected with the publication of The Forum upon the fact that it has reached its golden anniversary.

F. H. LaGuardia

Office of the Mayor
New York, N. Y.

Senator Costigan

To the Editor:

I cannot refrain from writing to express my unqualified admiration for Mr. Villard's superb piece ["Pillars of Government"] on Senator Costigan in the February Forum.

I have learned to know Senator Costigan through my intimate association with him during the last few years in the fight for the Costigan-Wagner antilynching bill. His extraordinary ability, his great simplicity, his courage in the face of all manner of opposition, and his complete selflessness have been caught by Mr. Villard as I did not believe it possible to do.

And may I add my congratulations to you for your vision and wisdom in selecting Mr. Villard to do this and other portraits. . . .

Walter White
Secretary
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The article . . . is a keen and accurate appraisal of the Senator.

I am sure Senator Costigan's many friends in Colorado appreciate this evaluation of him, appearing in one of our leading magazines. Thank you for it.

Emil P. Sandsten
Colorado Agricultural Experiment Station
Fort Collins, Colo.

Not Sorry

To the Editor:

. . . I am writing you to say I am not sorry I accepted your six months' subscription offer. . . . Your magazine is a gifted literary contribution to our modern order. . . . Every person . . . should be in a position to avail himself of the knowledge that is contained within the pages of The Forum. . . .

Harry A. Goodwin

Bethlehem, N. H.

To the Editor:

Your February issue is the most exciting that has come to my attention so far, and I find myself unwilling to resist the impulse to write and say so.

Mary Colum ["Life and Literature"] is, of

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course, a "joy forever" — a monthly miracle, like the new moon. It seems impossible that one woman can be as well informed and wise as she is. The most astonishing thing about her is that she stirs no envy. We don't envy the moon. We enjoy the moon.

And now Nilla Cram Cook! ["What Religion Means to Me"]. I admire your daring as much as your judgment in giving that simply brilliant article the first place in the magazine.

THE FORUM should be compulsory reading! The least that can be said of you is that you are encouraging people to *think* and not to parrot lazy prejudices.

I wish THE FORUM were a weekly.

TALBOT MUNDY

Manchester, Conn.

SORRY

To the Editor:

Like thousands of others, I have read Mary M. Colum's talks on books and their makers with pleasure and profit; no one of intelligence could disagree with her analyses and her advice; but in the first part of her essay on "The Literary Life" in your February issue, it seems to me, she has hit an unprecedented high in errors and confusion. Those errors are so serious, so unfair to the great majority of both writers and book publishers in this country that I rise to protest.

Literally nothing Mrs. Colum states in this opening I refer to is true. Her misrepresentations, I recognize, derive from her classical sentimentalism, from that literary snobbishness which decrees that books are intended by some (divine?) edict for only the cultivated. This view results also from the critic's being strong on literary merit but very weak on statistics and social morality. Books to these Victorian elite sitting smugly in their book-lined libraries are things to be criticized, rather than consumed, and (possibly) thrown away.

The best writers today are being "crowded out," says Mrs. Colum, by inferior writers and their numerous works. The opposite of this is true: good writers have never had in human history an age like the present with so many publishers, eager to publish and sell the best books, or so many thousands of readers waiting to read them. Ten commercial books to one literary book are published, to be sure, but what of it? The ten popular books often make the publication of the experimental possible. If the good books are not bought, the reason is very likely that they are not good books! This can be easily demonstrated by the experiences of any publisher of importance in this country.

"Nobody wants such numbers of books." I wouldn't be the author of a line like that for any reward literature offers. "Nobody" here must be "I" or "I and people like me." Other people like commercial books, or they wouldn't buy and read them — and why shouldn't they? Mrs. Colum's aristocracy of letters reminds one inevitably of Marie Antoinette's famous remark about the starving populace of Paris whose supply of bread had become exhausted: "Let them eat cake."

If Mrs. Colum protests that she has dedicated herself to raising the taste and intelligence of the American reading masses by compelling them all to read the books she will select for them, one can only suggest to her that the way to educate the masses is not by controlling their means of relaxation but by sending them to school and keeping them there longer. A "commercial" book to Mrs. Colum is one which she doesn't like and someone else wastes his money on. "No nutriment," she tells us, is provided the readers of the bad books. Does a child find nutriment in fairy tales? Is it a crime to want to "escape" the conditions of bondage created by a faulty economic system by absorption in a rousing adventure or romance?

The fifth-rate and tenth-rate books appall Mrs. Colum. They needn't. Here is the reason for them: fifth-rate and tenth-rate readers. These poor, ignorant, silly people, argues Mrs. Colum, might happily be forced to read T. S. Eliot, Santayana, Huxley, and Maurois if only the printing presses didn't have to be kept going day and night! "This is bad for the reading public and calamitous for real writers." To have the general public reading books, any kind of books, would be to save it from calamity, I should say, and, to make this possible, a hundred times more books than are now appearing would be necessary. As for the calamity to the "real writers": the surest way to this would be for them to try to make success easy for themselves by banning all books except their own.

THOMAS H. UZZELL

New York, N. Y.

(*Our Rostrum continued on page IX*)

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Our Monarchical Constitution

by **SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

THE AVERAGE American knows by instinct when a machine must be scrapped, a man fired, a business method given up. But he is utterly incapable of seeing that the constitution of his country must be radically changed. His locomotives live about ten years; his warships twenty. But his century-and-a-half-old constitution goes grinding and whining on up the stiff gradients of politics and economics, with just enough energy to spit out an unpleasant amendment but not to adjust its tottering steps to the jazz of modern economics.

This kind of oddity is not exclusively American. Delacroix, the French romantic painter, was hopelessly classic in his literary preferences, and, while he was revolutionizing if not the technique at least the taste of painting, he clung to the driest forms of classicism in literature. Americans are in good company. Like most people, they think, feel, and live in compartments. Radical in their technical life, since ready to scrap mechanical forms three or four times within a generation, they are conservative in their politics to the point of holding fast to Washington's old feelings and Jefferson's old ideas. But they are good humored and may therefore forgive a friendly stranger's observations on this venerable fossil for a political museum — the American Constitution.

I will not linger on its most obviously obsolete features — the curious delays between the presidential and congressional elections and the beginning of the respective mandates. They have often been discussed. They are but picturesque and formal, despite the substantial drawbacks which they produce. They could easily be removed without in the least modernizing the Constitution, the obsolete character of which is due to two main features not of its form but of its essence: its nearly complete ignorance of the economic activities of the state and its ever present monarchical tendency.

II

WHEN THE American Constitution was born the liberal theory of economics held full sway over the world of political thought. It was believed that economics had nothing to do with politics and that the less the state meddled with them the better. Economic facts were natural facts; they had their laws which were natural laws, and it was as absurd to pretend to apply state laws to them as to the facts of physics. Pills for earthquakes: that is how political legislation applied to economic fact was considered at the time of the Fathers of the American Constitution. It was therefore but natural that the Constitution which they framed should have been entirely political and that economic institutions should have had no part to play in it.

But what was the result? Economic facts, left at the door of the political house, crept in at the window. It was an assumed principle of the liberal days that economics and politics lived in mutual ignorance of each other, but, while politics kept to the bargain, economics did not; and throughout the nineteenth century the evolution of public life may be described as the gradual invasion of the political machinery by the motive forces of economics, i.e., the subservience of politics to economics. The Constitution goes on in blissful ignorance of what it has become. So far as it is concerned, neither Wall Street nor the American Federation of Labor plays any part in the life of the country. The formidable pressure of economic interests which weighs on Congress and on governing departments is left to act by indirect, extra-Constitutional ways; all the immense, powerful, and complex apparatus of economical and financial life, grown since the Constitution was written, enough in itself to turn the whole Constitution into a lifeless museum piece, is left to develop in cancerous

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and unhealthy forms instead of being incorporated into the general machinery of collective life with adequate safeguards for its effective working.

One example among many: the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank wields more actual power over the realities of life of the American citizen (indeed of the citizen of any country) than the President of the United States. There are competent observers who believe that the policy pursued for years by the predecessor of the present holder of the office, was the most effective cause of the world crisis, which afflicts the United States as well as every other state in the world. Whether Mr. Strong's policy was disastrous or felicitous, the fact remains that it was Mr. Strong's and no one else's and that, through the indifference of the American Constitution to economic and financial forces, the natural play of American public life leads to the enthronement in New York of a potentate with far stronger powers of life and death (bread and hunger) over ordinary mortals than any Czar ever dreamed of holding.

I know every banker and classic economist awaits me at the next corner with arguments on the dangers of submitting banking to political life. I do not propose to go into the matter now, beyond saying that I do not think that, *provided the matter be thoroughly studied and without prejudice either way*, the solution of submitting finance to politics would be less adequate, more imperfect, than that of submitting politics to finance, which is what at present, to our sorrow, obtains everywhere, except in Russia, where there is no finance. This matter moreover is but one aspect, quoted for the sake of example, of the more general problem of the relations between economics and finance on the one hand and politics on the other. My point is that the American Constitution ignores the problem on the liberal doctrinarian ground that there *should* be no such relations and that, since such relations not only exist but are the core and, while unrecognized, the canker of present public life, they must be incorporated into the Constitution. The *how* is not for this article.

III

But I may anticipate that no solution can be found to the delicate problems of power set by modern collective life by merely beating about the bush in search of stray ideas. Something more vigorously thought out is required. The political philosophy that underlies the old and venerable American Constitution is akin to that of the *Contrat Social*. The men gathered into a commonwealth select a leader, as the frogs of the fable croak for a king. There is nothing but subjects and authority, governed and government. On the one hand, there are citizens whose sum total holds the sum total of the sovereignty of the state, and, therefore, every one of whom, by a curious and mystical division or participation, holds one part (or is it a mystical whole?) of the same sovereignty. On the other, there is a man — president, king — and one or more councils who, through a form of delegation, wield all this sovereignty.

The scheme is of an idyllic simplicity. Nowhere is there the slightest connection between it and reality. Not one of the presumptions on which it rests but is belied by daily facts. The omnicompetence of the elector to decide on matters of the utmost technical complexity; his willingness to elect on objective grounds; his public spirit; the impartiality and objectivity of the political debate before the electorate; the candidate's freedom from all commitments outside the public issues at stake; every one of the postulates, without which the working of political institutions is grotesque, is incompatible with the most obvious facts. In particular, the idea that a nation is of an organic nature, an idea familiar enough to all who have let their thoughts dwell on collective life, might have never been conceived by a single man, for all the attention it receives in the Constitution.

The masterpiece of this empirical and simple conception of the state is the presidential regime. The president is but the transposition of the monarch into the republican key. It is a known fact that men cling to forms to which they are used after all the substance has gone out of them. Thus, for a long time, railway carriages kept the shape of the coaches of old, and the motorcar took years to evolve its inherent lines, shaking off those of the horse carriage. In the same way, the Fathers of the republican constitution could not think of the state without a man at the apex of it, *where the king had been*. So they created a president, an uncrowned king, an elected king, and, being

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men without much imagination, they had him appointed by the people. (I shorten up the method as reality has done. The primaries, being purely statistical, add nothing but delay.)

Now this meant all the defaults of kingship plus several others, such as discontinuity and demagogy. The monarchy exposed the state to the uncertainty of personal authority, but at least it had for it tradition, aloofness, and continuity. The presidential system puts at the head of the state a man who in most cases will tend to make his mark during his period by overpersonalization but who, lacking tradition and having to depend on the people for his election and re-election, will bear downwards inevitably. The belief in the "man of destiny," fostered by propaganda, thus takes hold of the people. The electorate raised Mr. Hoover because it attributed prosperity to him and pulled him down because it made him responsible for the crisis, which is about as absurd as if it had made Mr. Hoover responsible for the weather. Candidates and presidents themselves participate in the wholesale manufacture of this gross error. I have lived moments in Geneva when world affairs of great importance were badly mishandled in order to provide a would-be (American) great man with a sensational platform. I do not wish to go beyond the bounds of verbal moderation, so let me say that there have been things done in Geneva by American delegations on orders from Washington which were not worthy of the American nation. And why? Because the Great Man had to be manufactured in time for election or re-election.

The evil is not only in that the American people are miseducated into the cult of the Great Man but in that their minds are distracted from the complex and organic character of the problems that beset them. We are nowadays witnessing a curious retrogression to the great-man myth. It started perhaps with the War. Nations, in their dire need, created heroes, and we were all invited to admire in awe such demigods as Joffre and Foch, Jellicoe and Beatty, Ludendorff and Hindenburg. This state of mind fostered, it was easy to create other demigods, Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler. Curiously enough, it was precisely during the War that the true tragedy of our age began to dawn on some thoughtful minds — things have grown too big for men.

None of these leaders of the war led anything. The most they could do was to keep their heads above the tide of quantity which threatened to drown them. And yet — possibly through the despair which the growing complication of collective problems tends to instill in men and women — nation after nation gives up the fight of reason and surrenders its freedom into the hands of some man of destiny.

IV

No amount of "leadership," whether it be ministered in English Silent Man nonsense or in Italian Duce mythology, or in German Führer *prinzip*, is going to solve for us problems which have grown too vast and intricate for any one man to grasp. If the weakening of historical glamour and the simple *zeitgeist* of our days were not enough to do away with all this legendary belief in men of destiny, the mere complexity of present-day problems would suffice to bind us to true republican forms of government, forms, that is, which apportion power along the lines of competence, which trust reason to result from discussion within small councils of enlightened men, and which, above all, avoid the accumulation of power in any one monarch, be he crowned or top-hatted.

The American Constitution is not republican. It is monarchical throughout. It puts monarchs at the head of big towns and calls them mayors; monarchs at the head of States and calls them Governors; a monarch at the head of the federation and calls him President. Between such monarchs and the crowd, nothing, or nearly nothing. The ever richer stuff of collective life is almost entirely unrepresented in political institutions. Sensationalism and great-man flashes of genius are the accustomed food for public opinion. No organic competition of the State and nation comes to give sense and continuity to a political life made of crises of excitement and periods of dull indifference.

The Constitution, moreover, utterly ignores the fact that the problems of modern life are beyond the control of any one man and that they require a system of institutions of state as complete as they, in order to meet them adequately wherever they occur. It leaves altogether out of the authority of the state the

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strongest forces of collective life, such as nearly all questions bearing on credit; and it does not touch on the difficult problem of the relations between economics and politics, allowing them to develop in unrecognized, unhealthy ways.

Such are my reasons for thinking that the time is overdue for the American Constitution to be altered. But I have no definite suggestions to make here. In order to venture on such constructive ground I would have first to justify my views on general principles of politics for which this article does not offer sufficient space. This criticism has been put forward in a friendly spirit and with the hope of stimulating American opinion to plunge into a new departure in state planning, for it is all-important for the world at large that so great and powerful a nation should be governed by ways more consonant with its ever youthful spirit of self-renovation.

Rebuke

The black cat lolled on a cushion in the plate glass window of a steam-heated apartment,
Jaw jittering at sparrows in the scraggly boughs of a city tree;
And I said to her — "Naughty puss! Shame on you! Poor little birds!"
And she turned her golden gaze on me:

It was the merciless sun over Africa in the infancy of the world;
It was the sponging up of the waters that lay over the face of the earth;
It was the heat, striking down into the mire, fertile and imperative,
Begetting swamp-root and amoeba;
It was the sun overlying the jungle with terrible fecundity.

She sneered with her lip, lifting it to show the delicate scimitars of her teeth,
And lazily moved the daggers in citadelled paws,
Hinting eternity with the scorn of a power that has watched man's struggle to rise,
And will behold his disappearance with casual equanimity,
Unmoved alike by plasm oozing out of slime, and dust wisping into concealing dust;
Then she turned her back on me, and jittered with her jaw at the sparrows,
Making a thin sound, portentous as the quavering wail of a prophet:

I am Saber Tooth, stalking the dinornis —
Moving with the strength of the sun,
Moving with the grace of a shadow before the lightless moon.
I am Mystery within the Shrine of Bast,
Sinuously snaring the speculations of sages with my self-continence.
I am the Ennea-Deathless, surviving stones and starvation,
Discovering in your cruelty the weapon of your own ultimate destruction.
I look upon the scraggly trees of your effortful planting and nurturing,
Sparsely inhabited by the dun and songless birds which alone follow you from the forest,
And jitter with my jaw and sneer, remembering the effortless sun-fructifying of the jungle,
The clash of color and sound, of magnificence swarming with sperm,
Teeming with life, before your coming brought death;
Splendid with plenty, before your footsteps paced famine;
Perfect in beauty, before you gave it to be the heritage of ugliness.

Then I turned my face away, and covered my eyes with the hands of my shame,
And shut my rebuke within the columned fortress of my throat.
And the black cat moved the daggers in her paws with reminiscent relish,
And stretched and yawned, her red and slender tongue curling like a flame,
And regarded me with the insolence of assurance between the slitted lids of ennui.

Theda Kenyon

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Saving the American Child

by **WILL IRWIN**

THE AMERICAN Child Health Association performed last year an act almost unique in the history of American organizations. In high repute and with a brilliant record, it quit while the going was good instead of struggling along as a cripple and then fading out. The trouble was one only too common in these times — finances. A special grant of money left over from child feeding in Europe had enabled it to make its dreams come true. That money was spent. The work was by no means finished; but, to go on, it must pass the hat among foundations and philanthropists at a time when children's hospitals, infirmaries, and clinics were folding up or cutting down their work for want of those gifts which used to come so easily. So the directors — mostly men and women not unknown to fame — declared the Association dissolved, even though with some of them it had stood a dominant interest through half a lifetime, even though the table on which Dr. Samuel McC. Hamill, presiding, dropped his gavel to declare them adjourned, was piled with letters and telegrams from physicians, health officers, and social workers expressing the common sentiment: "What are we to do without you?" The local newspapers reported this demise briefly: it is doubtful if the press bureaus put the story on the wires. Yet tens of thousands of children and adolescents in New York and hundreds of thousands throughout the country owe to the energies loosed and directed by this society the fact that they did not die in infancy or carry physical handicaps through life.

Let us go back a quarter of a century and review a situation which the progenitor of this society faced when it began its work. In the year 1910, we Americans were conducting, in blithe, complaisant ignorance, a slaughter of the innocents. We had the means of salvation at hand and we were not using them. It is superfluous to say that medical science has advanced since 1910. But, as regards the great and special scourges of young children, we knew almost as much as we know today. We knew and had known for years that "summer complaint" is the chief cause of infant mortality — which is medical language for the death of babies in the first year of life. Physicians knew also that the great carrier of this disease was carelessly handled milk. And Pasteur, who taught us how milk might be rendered at least temporarily harmless, was already in his grave. As for child mortality — the death of children between one and five years old — perhaps the leading cause was the demoniac choking of diphtheria. Toxin-antitoxin, which gives almost certain immunity, and the Schick test, which checks up on results, were still unknown. We had, however, a reliable antitoxin. Applied early enough, it would pull most patients through that appalling crisis in which the child, beyond any human aid, chokes to death. But diphtheria still filled our streets with little white hearses. We had not yet discovered vitamins. But dietitians knew almost as well as today the resistance-building value of good milk — that angel or devil of child nutrition — and of fresh vegetables and fruit juices. The trouble, then, was not lack of knowledge but lack of its general diffusion. It had not even spread as far as the boundaries of the medical profession. Only three medical schools in the country had chairs of pediatrics — that branch of the science dealing with the prevention and cure of children's diseases.

We can never say just how bad the situation was in the first decade of this century. We lack those statistics which, in social medicine, are

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the beginning of wisdom. Only three States registered births, and they imperfectly. Then in 1906 the United States Census Bureau issued figures showing that the infantile death rate in this one area stood at 148 to the thousand. These three States were most advanced of all in medical matters. Outside of them lay the unsanitated frontiers, the negro communities of the South, where newborn babies died like flies, and wide tenement districts in cities which had no more conception of social medicine than had Paris or London of the Middle Ages. The young pediatrists who read these figures were not appalled. Long before, they had worn out their capacity for this emotion. They had served out their interneships in foundling institutions. The survivors among them speak yet with trembling voices of what they saw and had no power to change. In one group of foundling institutions at New York, the infantile mortality was 448 to the thousand. An institution at Philadelphia had at one time a death rate of exactly 100 per cent. Not a baby who entered it lived out his first year. One in Chicago always kept symbolically on hand a roomful of little pine coffins, painted white. The real rate, the country over, might stand anywhere between 175 to 200 in a thousand births. But even a rate of 148 put us in the rear guard of civilized nations. The rate in the admirable Scandinavian countries, for example, was about 85 to a thousand births.

II

Not that we dwelt in complete darkness. A few enlightened communities were moving to multiply visiting nurses, to establish prenatal care, to install efficient boards of health, to insist on clean milk. But this work went by dabs; what we needed was an old-fashioned American upheaval, countrywide. It was a woman who acted to start the avalanche — Dr. Helen Putnam, of Providence. Elected a fellow of the American Academy of Medicine, she took counsel with the great Dr. Abraham Jacobi and forced the appointment of a committee to deal with the disgrace of infantile mortality. In 1909, on the day of the annual Yale-Princeton football game, this body met at New Haven. Among the delegates sat young Dr. Phillip Van Ingen, who was still carrying on in 1935, and the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, whom all Americans dealing with the health of children regard now as their Lincoln. They organized, drew up a plan of action, and adopted the name "American Society for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality." Later, they were to shrink this ponderous title to "American Child Hygiene Association." The change expressed more than a desire to drop superfluous words. In the very first session, both Dr. Holt and Dr. Jacobi had warned them that saving babies, saving young children, and providing sound bodies to carry through life would prove in the end inseparable tasks. The forthright and original Dr. Holt gave vent to another idea, less approved at the moment. The chief agent of infantile mortality in this country, he said, was not the ignorance of physicians and boards of health but that of mothers, nurses, and citizens in general. Taking that immediate problem of milk: it did little good to deliver it at the house pure and pasteurized, so long as the recipient, after pouring off the first drink, left it uncovered in a temperature of eighty degrees to spawn germs and become poison. What we needed was something equivalent to advertising, even though that might violate old-fashioned ideas of medical ethics.

Conservatively and charily, the A.C.H.A. adopted this idea as part of the program and in 1910 began work. It had for funds only the dues of its members — a matter of ten or twelve thousand dollars a year; but it had on the other hand brains and prestige. It hammered away at medical journals, boards of health, nursing services, institutions. It assembled and showed all over the country a "milk exhibit" drawing the appropriate moral. It devised an "eighty-cent refrigerator," which would cool milk below the danger point, and gave it free advertising all over the country. In 1912, the federal government established the Children's Bureau, largely because of pressure from this same group of physicians. This new agency served as a channel for literature aimed, through the newspapers, at parents. And, before the period of the World War, the A.C.H.A. was beginning to get visible results. In old years, a graph of infant deaths in any community ran jaggedly along through the winter, dropped in the spring, rose to sharp Alpine peaks in the summer. Now, the doctors noted with satisfaction, the peaks were lower every year. Today, the summer months show

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fewer deaths of infants than the rest of the year.

That was the main visible activity. More quietly they were working to create chairs and courses in pediatrics and helping the Children's Bureau to extend the birth-registration area — a job more important than most laymen realize. Without an accurate record of births, we cannot establish the infantile death rate of any district and so find the weak spots which need attention.

Meantime, the energetic young Dr. S. Josephine Baker, of New York, who belonged to this society, had become director of the first bureau of child hygiene in any American city. She tore into those disgraceful institutional conditions whose appalling record I have mentioned above. She provided prenatal care for expectant mothers in the poorer districts. In the first four years of her term, the infantile death rate of the city dropped from 144 to 102. More important to the rest of the country were her widely published reports and her addresses before the conventions of the Society. These stirred up, especially, the women's clubs. And in a year or so the statistics from our increasing birth-registration area showed that the unnecessary deaths among young babies was declining — although we had not yet reached a civilized rate.

III

NEXT THE WAR, and figures talked again. The medical examiners of the draft reported that a wholly undue proportion of our young men carried physical flaws which might have been corrected by proper treatment in childhood. Worse: many of these deficiencies rose from malnutrition — in this affluent country! Not undernutrition, necessarily; simply, their mothers had, through ignorance, fed them the wrong things in their childhood — stuffed them with bread, for example, while skimping on milk and neglecting fresh vegetables. All this was no news to Sally Lucas Jean, who had passed from trained nurse to expert social worker, had learned these facts far in advance of the army doctors, had for years been preaching health education. Brilliant, energetic, glowing with her cause, she sought out Dr. Holt (which, for one of her profession, was like a mathematician going to Einstein). She suggested a new organization which should cover not only infant mortality but child mortality and child health in general; should try, especially, to bridge that old gap between what the physician knew and what the public did not. To that last end she proposed propaganda — ballyhoo, if you want to call it that — of the kind which we had used so successfully to sell Liberty Bonds. Undignified? Some would say so. But Dr. Holt had already spoken out in meeting on that topic; and his prestige would carry anything!

Holt, for all his art in getting the confidence of children, was, to outward seeming, a cold man. Perhaps the children perceived what their elders missed: an inside full of the certified, uncontaminated milk of human kindness. He had, besides, an impatience for human folly which made it hard for him to work with others except as boss. And so, just as the War came to a close, he founded a new society called the Child Health Organization and put Miss Lucas to work. She had herself no technical experience with the "press." But she enlisted the unpaid services of James G. Berrian, expert newspaperman who had gone into advertising. With him inventing and advising, the C.H.O. started pressure on the schools for real education in health. It did not shrink from ballyhoo. Anyone who went to primary school at about this period may remember Cho-Cho the Health Clown, and the Health Fairy. These were part of the necessary fluff underlying a deal of sober work with the press, the parents, and the children themselves.

A year or two later, this society and the Child Hygiene Association performed the logical and self-effacing act of combining under the name American Child Health Association. Exactly at this moment, they came into a little fortune. During the early post-War period, Herbert Hoover had been administering the European Child Relief, financed by both public and private funds. When the emergency was over, he still had a substantial sum in the treasury. All through this work, he said afterward, he held to one comforting illusion — the children of happy America were not neglected nor ill-nourished. When he returned, Dr. Holt and others revealed to him the somber facts. He used his influence to put most of the surplus from European Child Relief into their hands and became the first president of the new society.

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IV

THE A.C.H.A. had now at its disposal one or two hundred thousand dollars a year for what seemed in 1922 a long vista of time. That was no great sum for detailed work like that of a department of health in a large city. But it was enough for the wider purpose — to act as a kind of unofficial general staff for the war against disease and malnutrition in children. Tacitly it adopted a motto: "Work through others and give others the credit; advertise the cause, don't advertise yourself." The engineering talent which came into the organization with Hoover surveyed the country to find the weak spots. The medical and social experts followed on with persuasion, quiet pressure, the loaning of their own services. From this time forth, the job became so varied and complex that only a five-volume report could do it full justice. Beginning with those newborn babies whose tragedy first lashed the physicians to action, the rising curve of summer mortality had not yet flattened out. Surveys proved that, while our greater cities were learning civilized customs as regarded milk, the smaller cities and the country districts were still backward spots. The A.C.H.A. began a quiet agitation to make these smaller units adopt full-time boards of health, directed not by village politicians who needed the jobs but by specialists. This went on until "health officer" became the tag of a new profession. One of these men, Dr. Samuel J. Crumbine, served until the end as executive officer for the Child Health Association.

The child specialists in the organization had begun to tilt against those midwives who serve as mistresses of ceremonies at most births in our poorer quarters. A survey of the situation gave them pause. When the midwife knew her business and especially when she understood antiseptic methods, she got as good results as the physician. Reorienting themselves, the baby specialists began agitation for trained and licensed midwives. Toward the end, the Association looked into those illiterate negro midwives of the Southern States who knew nothing of asepsis and who held to such quaint practices as putting a jacknife under the mattress to ease labor pains. The report, published where it would do the most good, stirred up action, which was the intention; midwives of this class — even illiterate ones — are at school learning the first principles of surgical cleanliness.

As for children beyond five, the doctors were able at last to take the offensive against diphtheria. Toxin-antitoxin and the Schick test had arrived; we possessed the means to render this as rare a disease as smallpox. Steadily, the Association watched the diphtheria rate and took measures, of which often the authorities were unaware, to urge or shame lagging communities toward their plain duty. Just as steadily, diphtheria has been fading away. Taking the figures for New York City: between 1884 and 1894, it caused 507 deaths a year for every 100,000 children. Then came the curative antitoxin; by 1905, the rate in that city had fallen to 147, though it was probably much greater in the whole country. By 1929, it stood at 25 and was, possibly, lower the country over than in the metropolis. Auburn, New York, for example, announced in 1930 that it had not witnessed a death from diphtheria in years; New Haven reported at the same time only two or three deaths a year. In this, as in other matters, giving the full credit to the Association would be stretching the truth. It is further true, however, that tens of thousands of adolescents in school or at work today would have choked to death in early childhood but for its steady, quiet agitation to promote vaccination against diphtheria.

Yet, as the directors wound up affairs, they took less pride in these defensive measures than in the work for permanently sound bodies which absorbed most of their energies in later years. "Keeping the pipe from freezing instead of mopping up the floor," Dr. Van Ingen expressed it once. "Health education in all schools; all teachers trained to teach health habits; hot school lunches when necessary to correct diet deficiencies" — these items were part of the original program. To this end a whole library of reports, treatises, and popular books on child training for health, inspired or created by experts of the Association; to this end closely reasoned

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and scientific surveys on the results of this method or that for preventing tooth decay, building resistance against tuberculosis, heading off rickets, getting the maximum nourishment out of a slender budget, ventilating schools and homes, and the right relation between rest and exercise; to this end work at one time or another with virtually every teachers' organization and larger board of education in the United States. For two generations, public-school curricula have included "hygiene." In my own childhood, it was sketchy, casual, and unscientific stuff. Now, the school system which does not practice thorough, scientific health education, designed to make the children care intelligently for their bodies through life, rates as a back number.

V

FINALLY comes that link, missing in 1910, between what the doctors know and what the adult public doesn't know. By the time the older societies amalgamated, Dr. Holt was shouting what he had hardly dared whisper in the beginning: "We need publicity; we need propaganda — the best and cleverest we can find. We must sell health to the country. We must make truth as well known as error." Year in and year out, the Association loaded the press with copy aimed at mothers. When the radio arrived, it called that universal voice immediately to its service. When a speaker addressed a community over the air on one of its sins of omission in child health, the publicity agents of the Association would supply the local newspapers with matter on the same theme. They kept the national magazines full of health hints for mothers. They encouraged, from the beginning, those syndicated health columns, by physicians who knew their business, which have now become such a staple feature of our daily newspapers. They were not above that final device of the expert publicity agent — "making" news. Mrs. Henry Breckinridge brought in the most startling idea of this kind. Why not transform May Day into Child Health Day? The Association let her take up that idea and develop it. She carried it to such unexpected success that she had Child Health Day proclaimed from the White House. And a statistician of the press estimated at the time that only three events of the three years preceeding it had inspired more columns of newspaper space, both editorial and news.

Nor was this mere aimless ballyhoo. The pamphlets and storybooks issued to the children who danced round the Maypoles, the innumerable radio addresses, all served as education for both children and adults on practical methods of building and keeping health. And, finally, the Association deserves chief credit for the White House Conference on Child Welfare, in 1930 — superpublicity this, but publicity for a good and unselfish end.

Well, it folded up at last, as I have shown. The funds inherited from European relief were gone. The Association could not decently ask anyone for more money at this time. It is difficult, it is indeed impossible, to say exactly how much child health has improved in the quarter century during which the Association did its work. Our surest guides are those figures on infant mortality. In the early twentieth century, probably 175 to 200 American babies, out of every thousand born, died before they were a year old. By 1934, the death toll had shrunk to 58. Then, we were in this respect enrolled among the backward nations. Now, everything considered, we march with the van.

It is probable that we have reduced our child mortality still further. On the improvement in general health among our young people and the wholesale correction of unnecessary physical handicaps, we shall never have any certain information unless — which God forfend — we draft and examine our young men for another war. Probably we have improved as much in this respect as in the mortality rate. Those directors of the A.C.H.A. who put it tenderly to death would be the last to claim all the credit for these results — not in the face of the Children's Bureau, the United States Health Service, the Red Cross, and those philanthropic foundations with which it worked all in harmony for so many years. Nor do they overlook the general progress in medicine. But they may claim their percentage; at lowest, their human salvage, in twenty-five years, amounts not to regiments but to whole armies. Probably no organization in our time deserves better of the Republic.

Coming soon: "Lo, the Poor Druggist!"

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Billions for "Defense"

by **GERALD P. NYE**

United States Senator from North Dakota

When the World War ended, our nation was firm in the high resolve not to let such a disaster happen again. Civilization raised its hands and its face heavenward and said: "Never again will we permit four years of such carnage to be visited upon the earth." Fathers and mothers who had given of their own flesh and blood in that carnage managed to smile and say: "Maybe the sacrifice was worth while, after all. This was a worthy war — a war to make the world safe for democracy."

Seventeen and a half years after that conflict, we find democracy fighting for its very existence. In the very shadow of the war to end war, we find the nations of the world madly racing into the jaws of another war!

We came out of the last war with that which all wars leave in their wake — a depression. Let us not deceive ourselves. The major factor in the world-wide economic depression of the last several years is nothing other than the waste and inflation that attended the World War. If the depression is of long duration, if it is exceedingly stubborn, we may know that it is only a reflection of the costliness, the wastefulness and stubbornness of the four years of bloodshed.

Yet, despite the known effects of that war, despite our high resolves of seventeen years ago, here are the major nations of the world spending more money for preparations for the next war than they ever spent before in time of peace. Getting ready for the next war — and its next depression. A world of bankrupt countries finds it possible, year after year, to increase the budgets to maintain armies and navies and to make ready for more war.

Too frequently citizens of our own nation, inspired by our idealism but misinformed as to what is going on in America, turn in contempt from other nations and say: "If the rest of the world would only follow our example, we could get out from under the terrific burdens of the costs of preparing for future wars. If only others would follow our example!"

Let's see what sort of example we are setting. To overcome the depression and bring back recovery, the United States has been moving forward under a gigantic program of reemployment and public benefits. Billions have been poured out to start the wheels of industry and labor turning again.

But in the very first allocation of funds made by the executive of this Administration was an item of $231,000,000 for the U. S. Navy, to build more ships. Annual appropriations for the army and navy grew by leaps and bounds that year and have been growing ever since. Today we are spending more to maintain our so-called "national defense" than we were spending to maintain all the departments of government, including the army and navy, the year before we went to war to end war. We say we are doing it over here only because the rest of the world seems to have learned no lesson as result of the World War. The figures indicate that neither did we.

Expenditures for the War Department for 1934 total $243,329,151. For the Navy Department for that year, $267,029,290. Compare those figures with 1935: army — $328,939,400; navy — $492,213,456. Then compare with the appropriations authorized by the last session of the present Congress: Funds available for military expenditures for army and navy for the year 1936 total $1,002,872,143!

This huge figure embraces for the navy a general appropriation of $457,805,261, an emergency-fund allotment of $156,326,982, and deficiency allotments (including WPA funds) of $25,197,575, for a total of $639,329,818; for the War Department a general appropriation of $341,348,261, an emergency-fund allotment of $3,629,243, and deficiency allotments (in-

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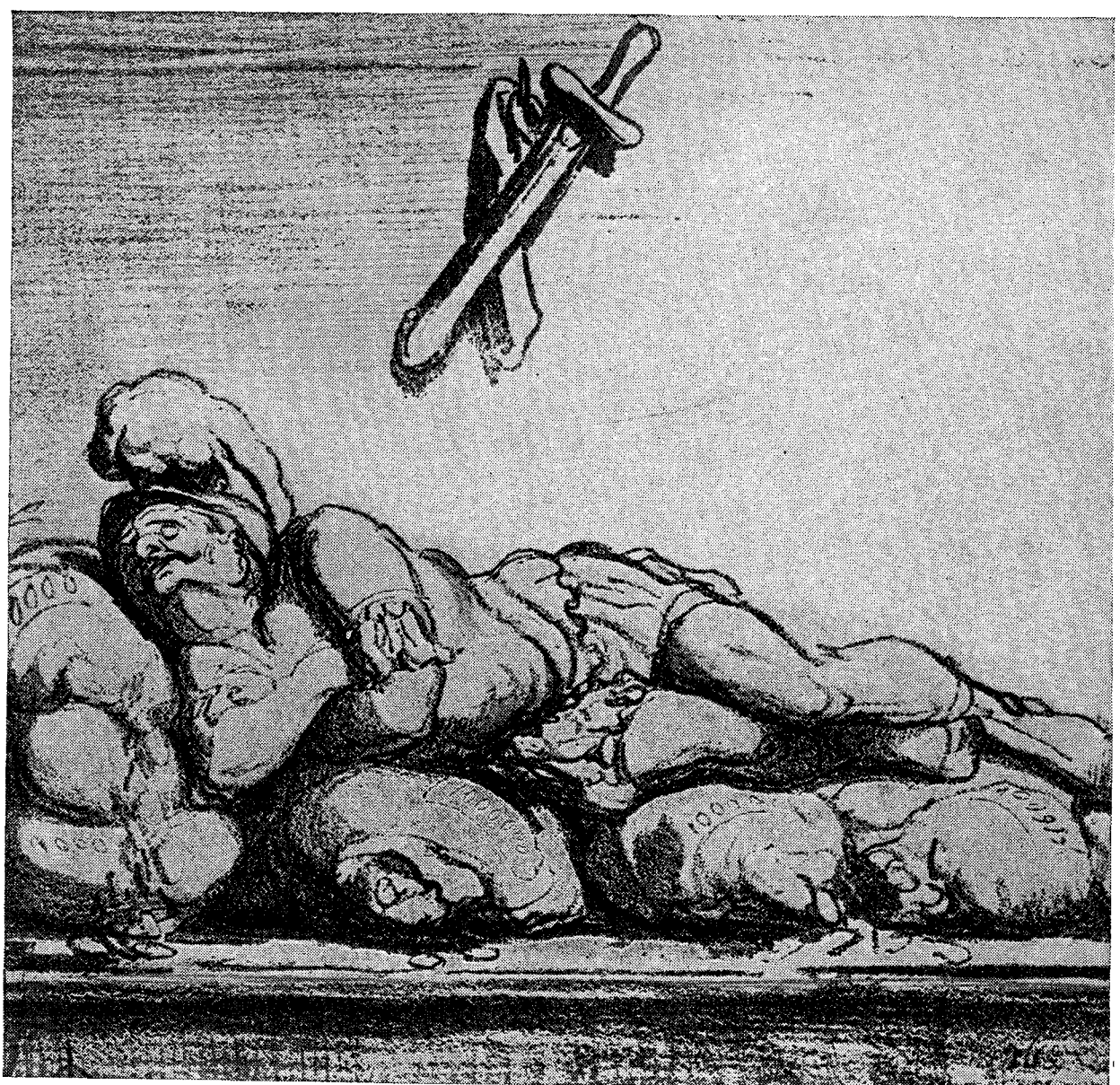
cluding WPA funds) of $19,554,821, a total of $364,532,325.

II

FOR TEN YEARS I have sat upon the Senate Appropriations Committee. During that time I have noted with intense interest the quibbling over expenditures — for public services the value of which is beyond question. When the appropriations for the office of the Bureau of Education, for example, come up for consideration, the economists vigorously debate and quibble. They take out their knives and pare the requests for education down to the bone. When the appropriation for the State Department comes before Congress, calling for, say, about a paltry $13,000,000, to maintain that great department for a year, vociferous objections arise. If anyone should be so foolhardy as to propose an additional million to enable the Secretary of State to enlarge upon his activities in the name of world peace, he would be laughed off his feet. Men would rise up in indignant eloquence and demand: "What madness is it which this man talks? He would increase budgets in times like these? He is not to be listened to!"



He is asleep, but his mattress is costing us plenty.

Such a proposal would be promptly thrown out. But, the next instant, the appropriations for "national defense" might be considered, and the economists would sit silent as the grave. There's never fear about unbalancing

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the budgets when the army and the navy are being considered. There wasn't any real opposition to a recent increase in the already large appropriation for the War Department to permit the enrolling of 46,000 more men for the army, at a cost of $40,000,000 additional a year. The Senate didn't hesitate to increase the already huge expenditure for the navy to permit a more active shipbuilding program during 1936.

No one is more interested in our country protecting her shores, her citizens, and her national interests than I am. But I am sick of things that are being done in the name of national defense. The burden being borne by the people of America for defense is going to destroy America before she has a chance to try her defense on anyone, if she continues her present mad pace.

Citizens of foreign nations have been taught from the cradle: "In time of peace, prepare for war!" It is not to be wondered at that all major powers have increased their war budgets enormously since World War days. The figures are illuminating: total national defense expenditures of the great powers, for army, navy, and air forces, grew from 1913 to an estimated total for 1936: Great Britain, $375,100,000 to $592,100,000; France, $348,700,000 to $662,000,000; Japan, $95,500,000 to $280,000,000; Italy, $179,100,000 to $400,000,000; and Russia, $447,700,000 to $665,000,000.

Quite an increase — averaging for all major powers about forty per cent. But your peace-loving Uncle Sam has increased his war budget only 197 per cent from 1913 — from $244,600,000 to $727,700,000 in 1930, $821,000,000 in 1935 and beyond the billion mark for 1936. If other nations would only follow our example!

Recent increased appropriations for the navy include provision for new construction of 29 destroyers, 2 cruisers, 16 submarines, and 1 aircraft carrier; 11,000 additional enlisted men; 555 new naval airplanes, of which 282 are to replace present aircraft. All of which is a part of the program of bringing the U. S. Navy up to "treaty strength," or the strength authorized by the London Disarmament Conference of 1930.

The 1936 appropriations for the Army provide for an increase in personnel from an average of 118,750 to 165,000; for approximately 100 new R.O.T.C. units; for doubling the enlistment of the Citizens Military Training units; and for an increase of 5,000 in enlisted strength of the National Guard. For new army airplane construction the sum of $19,138,000 is set aside, of which $13,666,000 is for combat planes.

As for 1937–38, heaven only knows how much will be asked for in the budget of national defense. With the breaking up of the disarmament conference, there has already arisen the hue and cry to show the rest of the nations what preparedness really means. "More ships! More guns! Double the reserve forces! Bigger army! Concentrate the fleet in the Pacific! An air force as big as all others combined!"

The billion and more for "defense" this year will probably be surpassed by a quarter of a billion more per year during the next two years. There seems to be no limit.

III

Apparently we in America are deciding that the only adequate insurance against war is large preparation for it. Yet it can never be shown that a single mile of fortified international boundary ever prevented invasion or attack. There are boundaries between nations that have never had a mounted gun, a fortress, or a patrolling soldier upon either of their sides and no tramp of martial feet across them. Such a border is common to our country and to Canada — three thousand miles of it. During the lifetime of these two great commonwealths, there has not been a patrolling soldier upon either side of it. Now men and societies are building monuments upon that border, not to generals who have won great military victories but to the long decades of international peace between our nation and Canada.

Are not three thousand miles of peaceful border a fitting monument? I think so. The vast majority of American people think so. But apparently some of the generals and officers of our army do not agree. During the last session of Congress, several of the military leaders appeared before the House Military Affairs Committee and gave testimony — in what they thought was an executive session — relative to plans and the need for appropriations to further those plans.

Plans for what? Plans for fortifications upon the Canadian border. Plans that would enable us to reach out and seize British possessions if

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trouble came. When the people of Canada and Britain generally read of what had occurred, they sat up and began to ask, "What is the meaning of this? What have we done to invite such a warlike gesture?"

Our Commander in Chief had to make some public explanation, and he did so by chastising the Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee — for permitting the testimony to become public!

We may well wonder what would have happened if the government of Japan had been caught suggesting such steps against us. Our military leaders would have cried, "What! Are we going to be bullied by Japan? No! We'll show them a thing or two."

Every year of the ten I have served on the Senate Appropriations Committee I have listened to an annual scare of war with Japan. The war talk always comes just before the introduction of the annual appropriation bills for the Army and Navy. When those bills are enacted into law, the relations between Japan and the United States seem to improve.

A recent visit to Japan convinced me that the saddest thing about this rivalry in armaments and preparations for war is the mutual distrust and suspicion engendered. While so many of our citizens are made to fear Japan's intentions, the people of Japan are agitated by their military leaders into a fear that the United States is preparing to attack Japan. "We've got to be on our guard against Uncle Sam!" This invariably smooths the way for large military appropriations for the "defense" of Japan.

Thus the game is played at both ends by jingoists of both nations. Certainly this feeling has had much to do with the naval race now beginning in earnest — the maddest ever witnessed in peacetime — seventeen years after the war to end war. Yet the masses of Japan are no more desirous of a conflict with the people of the United States than our own citizens are desirous of a war with the people of Japan.

IV

Now, is there any real danger of trouble with Japan? President Roosevelt, when Assistant Secretary of the Navy, wrote in the magazine *Asia* that there was no likelihood of war between Japan and the United States if there remained five cents' worth of common sense in either country. He said that, in such a war, neither nation could hope to win a decisive battle or final victory and that it would come to an end when one or both countries was bled to death through the pocketbook. And, finally, the danger of war between Japan and the United States was nothing more than an apprehensive habit of mind.

The same man today, with glorious leadership to his credit in helpfulness to humanity, on the question of a bigger navy seems to have forgotten what he once believed about absence of danger of conflict with Japan. Under the agitation for a bigger navy, many of our citizens have become convinced that our very national existence depends upon an ever increasing naval "defense" against such potential enemies as Japan.

I am convinced that if Japan had a navy twenty times its present size, under modern conditions of warfare depending upon use of airplanes, submarines, and coast defenses, she couldn't get within several hundred miles of our shore. And if our navy were built to twenty times its size, neither could we get within striking distance of the Japanese coast. Yet here we go into the new insane armament race of the great "civilized" powers of the world! All of it looking to a war utterly unnecessary and entirely inconceivable — except for these expanded armaments.

The truth is that our military plans are not built up and financed on a reasonable basis of true national defense — to enable us to repulse any foe that might be foolish enough to attack us — but rather around blueprints which the army and navy have been carefully laying out for ten years. And make no mistake: These blueprints call for the transportation of 3,000,000 men across thousands of miles of deep blue ocean to fight in the name of national defense, in someone else's waters and on someone else's land.

American citizens may as well recognize here and now that if war comes the chances of it being fought out on American soil or in American waters are so remote as to be negligible. It will be a foreign war, and the chances are a hundred to one that it will concern foreign policies which our participation can never settle anyhow.

It ought also to be pointed out that if war comes — with Japan, to continue the example

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— and our sons move across the Pacific to meet the army and the navy of this great Oriental power, they will be the targets of gas, shells, and shrapnel manufactured in the United States of America and sold to Japan at some American's profit. Statistics in the Bureau of Commerce show that day by day and week by week huge cargoes of munitions leave our shores for nearly every nation on the globe, including Japan. We couldn't go to war without encountering our own munitions being fired back at us.

This is nothing new. It is now easily proved that during the World War, when French munitions makers ran short of war materials, they got their supplies from German manufacturers, who made deliveries by way of Switzerland; and, when the German munitions makers needed materials, the French munitions makers took care of them by the same route.

V

THE FINE EXAMPLE our big navy men set other nations is well illustrated in Peru and Colombia. In 1928, representatives of our leading munitions manufacturers went down and got the people of Peru greatly agitated over the inadequacy of their national defense, so Peru sent word to Uncle Sam, a good adviser and neighbor: "Won't you help us plan a national defense?" Uncle Sam sent down a commission of naval experts, who recommended, among other things, that Peru ought to have a fleet of destroyers and submarines. The orders were placed with American shipbuilders for those destroyers and submarines.

Suddenly Colombia, Peru's neighbor, awakened to discover that she did not have adequate national defense against Peru's new ships, particularly the submarines. I presume there were no American munitions manufacturers plying their trade in Colombia at the time. But they took immediate notice when Colombia said to her good friend and neighbor, Uncle Sam: "Won't you please help us plan a national defense against Peru?" We sent down another set of naval experts, who recommended, among other things, that Colombia should have some submarines to bring her on a parity with Peru. Likely we shall soon be sending our boys down into their troubled waters to straighten out friction that we as neighbor are chiefly responsible for.

The people of America ought now to decide whether they are going to continue to believe the exploded theory and base our military expenditures upon that belief, that the greatest insurance against war is large preparation for it. The mad armament race among the nations of Europe preceding 1914 proved the futility of trying to preserve peace by large preparedness programs. That the armament race now beginning will bring the same miserable conclusion in its train there can be not the slightest doubt.

It is time for an entirely new military policy. If nations would confine themselves to providing national defenses, actually and strictly, without plans for offensive warfare, they would soon discover how little national defense they could get along with. Certainly ours would not require the billion and more a year we are now spending for military preparedness.

We ought now, by example, to begin showing the world that in our military plans we purpose to be content with only a reasonable defense of our shores; that we have no designs against any of our neighbors; that we desire only peace. Of all the nations of the globe we are the most fortunately situated to provide the inspiration for such a policy. All countries pointed out by our jingoists as likely to become our enemies are separated from us by thousands of miles of water. Days of ocean travel would make it exceedingly difficult for successful attack upon us. In the light of our impregnable position, in view of our world economic leadership, with the background of our splendid social progress, we should announce and sponsor such a policy. America must lead!

In an early issue:
"The English Think in Chinese"
by Lin Yutang

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Heaven Is in Harlem

And a Rolls-Royce the "sweet chariot" of a little black God

by **SUTHERLAND DENLINGER**

"There are thousands of people who call me God — millions of them — there are millions of them who call me the Devil, but I produce God and shake the earth with it." — Father Divine, telling it to a judge.

ON THE EVENING of November 5, 1933, it had pleased the black God to descend from that "main branch" of "Heaven" which is at 20 West 115th Street, Manhattan, and appear, a short, stout, dignified figure with the wistful eyes of a setter dog, before some five thousand true believers gathered at the Rockland Palace, Harlem dance hall, to sing his praises.

He sat on the stage, surrounded by his angels — Faithful Mary and Satisfied Love, Wonderful Joy and Sweet Sleep, Good Dream and Bouquet, and all the rest of them — and his thick lips parted in a wide smile beneath his scraggly moustache, as he watched the folks stowing away his free chicken dinners in the balcony and the folks shouting "Peace, Father! It's wonderful!" on the main floor.

Father Divine heard the chanting ("He's God, He's God, He's God, He's God, He's God," to the tune of *Marching through Georgia*), and he heard the rhythmic thumping of the big bass drum and the hypnotic blare of the trombone and he witnessed the fervent enthusiasm of this comparatively small segment of his two million followers and he obviously found it good. He beamed, his almost bald pate bedewed with perspiration, and at first neither he nor his eager disciples noticed the swarthy, stocky white man, with the aggressive chin and the look of a sullen Napoleon, who had just then entered the hall.

In a way, the presence of this newcomer might have been interpreted as a triumph for the dusky God. For Fiorello H. LaGuardia, standing now in a side aisle, a bewildered look upon his craggy features, was a reform candidate for Mayor of the City of New York, and there had been a time in the development of the Deity, not too far distant, when the activities of white unbelievers had been directed almost solely toward placing Father in a dungeon cell. Be that as it may, Mr. LaGuardia was able to spend some moments in uninterrupted contemplation of the scene before he was recognized and escorted, past the chicken eaters on the balcony, to a seat upon the tightly packed stage.

"Father I love you, I love you, I do. . . ." The band played it loud and hot, and the brown mass in the great auditorium swayed and sang. "Father, I surrender, Father I surrender all to you!"

Father Divine rose suddenly from his seat not far from the man who is now chief executive of the world's greatest city and broke into a well executed buck and wing. When he subsided, mopping his brow, a colored speaker enlarged upon the dancer's divinity. "Peace, Father!" roared the hall, "It's wonderful!"

Mr. LaGuardia sat, patiently. Eventually, amid frenzied applause, God himself took the microphone, to deliver in an odd, squeaky voice a message which (like many purporting to come from on high) was notable more for its ear-filling phrases than for intelligibility. Father took his time, a stenographer took notes, the five thousand sobbed and cheered. And, when at long last he was through and it was Mr. LaGuardia's turn, that worthy arose to make probably the strangest speech of his political career.

"Peace, Father Divine," cried the little Latin with the truculent chin, stretching out his arms in a gesture of benediction, "Peace be with you all!"

It was the right note. "Peace!" shouted the

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eager congregation. "Peace, it's wonderful!"

"I say," continued Mr. LaGuardia, "I say, Father Divine, no matter what you want, I will support you [cheers]. I am going to clean up this city and I came here tonight to ask Father Divine's help and counsel. . . ."

Strong words, but they were no more successful in winning a political endorsement from the good Father than the honeyed syllables which fell a short time later from the lips of Tammany Candidate John Patrick O'Brien, a heavily jowled charmer who once endeared himself to an audience of Greeks by explaining that he quite understood Hellenic culture, having "translated Horace." No, as Father, interrupted on election eve while greeting a contingent of the faithful from the Pacific Coast, put it, "It's the principle, not the person." And so neither candidate got his support.

This attempt by rival political chieftains to obtain the blessings of Father, impressive enough though it was, constitutes only one of many indications that the little black lord of a Harlem heaven has become a force to be recognized.

God Lived in Sayville

The story of Father Divine is a story so fantastic that only the boldest and most imaginative of fiction writers could send anything like it clattering from his typewriter and still make it seem plausible. Disregard both the statements of the credulous and the cynical explanations of the heathen, and the mystery surrounding the source of his income alone is as absorbing as any problem ever tackled by the most resourceful of pulp-paper sleuths. Real-life detectives of one sort or another have often tried to get to the bottom of it, without success.

Father feeds thousands every day, without charge. Father maintains heavenly dormitories in which hundreds live on his bounty. Father travels in limousines and maintains a fleet of busses to take the faithful to meetings, and when Easter comes Father rides the skies in a big red airplane while Harlem's thousands, gazing ecstatically upward from the curbings, hail him as God. And when Father has to go to court, which happens occasionally, his roll of bills draws envious comment from the magistrate on the bench. Father says that the money comes from heaven, and, since he takes no collections and none of the cynic theories would account for any sizeable portion of his expenses, it seems as good an explanation as any — for the moment.

The origins of Father, too, are shrouded in mystery. Worshiped today in scores of "branch Kingdoms" scattered all over the United States (he numbers many white people among his followers), most of those who shout his name know little or nothing about his beginnings. To these, there was simply a time when Father was not, and then suddenly he was — an ordinary, stout little darky, to those with an unseeing eye, wandering down Lenox Avenue in the late summer of the last year of the turbulent 'twenties.

About sixteen years ago, however, a still youngish negro with plenty of self-possession and an evangelical manner descended upon Sayville, Long Island, from the East New York section of Brooklyn. Rev. Major J. Divine had been a minister — no one ever knew whether or not he had been ordained — but his initial role in Sayville was as proprietor of a not-too-busy employment office.

Not long afterward, however, the man who was to be God must have received a celestial visitation. At any rate he reached into his pocket (having first, presumably, called upon Heaven) and paid cash for a large house in the center of Sayville's pleasant residential district. This became the House of Joy, the first of Father's many mansions. A few months, and Sayville became aware that something had happened. People, mostly colored but a number of them white, began flocking to the House of Joy to receive of the Father's grace. They came and they ate roast turkey and they stayed to sing and to shout.

It was the singing and the shouting that got Father into trouble. Irreligious residents complained that it was a nuisance, and the authorities finally set out, in a quiet way, at first, to see what it was all about. In 1930, Suffolk County District Attorney A. G. Blue borrowed a female investigator from New York City. She was to find out, Blue told her, where Divine got the funds to support his lavish philanthropies and his luxurious limousines; find out whether there was (as Sayville's Mother Grundy's whispered) anything immoral in the relationships existing between the brothers and sisters who sojourned in the House of Joy.

Posing as a young colored girl down on her

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luck and anxious for the temporal and spiritual consolations which she had heard the Father could extend, the investigator went to the Divine mansion. Cordially received, she reappeared two weeks later to report that she had discovered no evidence of wrongdoing. The Father, she found, was caring for fifteen destitute persons of his own race, clothing them and feeding them. He was married, and his wife, a buxom negress, was known as Mother Divine. A little group of disciples living in his home and addressed by such picturesque titles as Brother Peace or Sister Virtue, displayed exemplary standards of morality. As to the source of his income, Father answered all questions by biblical quotations having to do with ravens.

Trouble in Heaven

OTHER INVESTIGATORS had no better luck, and it was not until 1931, by which time Father's cult had spread to New York City and other towns along the eastern seaboard, that the complaints of citizens long impatient over Heaven's uproar secured his indictment on charges of maintaining a public nuisance.

First (next to his followers) to rally to his defense were the village tradesmen. Father Divine for years had spent hundreds of dollars, sometimes thousands, each month for food and clothing. His trial attracted crowds to the courthouse at Mineola, and one after another of his disciples testified that he had "Christ within his body" and derived his financial support directly from heaven.

"Do you really believe," Supreme Court Justice Lewis J. Smith incredulously asked Helen Faust, his twenty-six-year-old white secretary (a former student at Boston University), "that Divine is God?"

"Yes," replied Miss Faust, emphatically, "I do."

Another white disciple who testified and who remains to this day among those in the inner circle of the Kingdom was James Maynard Mathews, onetime student at Boston and Northwestern universities and Pace Institute.

Portrait by Karl S. Woerner

Father Divine.

"I believe," said Mathews, "that Father Divine is the perfected expression of God and I believe heaven sends him money direct."

Other witnesses swore that Divine had performed miracles of healing. Against them were arrayed the aroused householders of Sayville, one of whom said that empty whisky bottles had been hurled at him from Father's back porch. Others described their distaste for being kept awake by cries of "It's wonderful" and "Thanks, Father, for your wonderful healings." A policeman said the defendant had told him,

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"Go away from here; can't you see I'm God?"

The jury found him guilty with a recommendation of leniency, and Father Divine languished for a few days in jail before being freed on $1,000 bail. The probation officers, when he was finally arraigned for sentence, admitted that they had been able to find out little about his past. They said that they believed his right name was Joe Baker and that he had been born in Georgia and had deserted a wife and family in Alabama before coming north to march forward in the odor of sanctity with Mother Divine. To which the Father, given an opportunity to speak in his own defense, replied merely that his name was Divine, that he had been born fifty-two years before in Providence, Rhode Island, that he had "no education" but had been an evangelist in Boston and Baltimore. For the rest, his vagueness matched that of the officers appointed to investigate him.

The Court, after making a speech in which he declared that he believed Divine a bad influence, whose teachings disrupted homes and even affected the minds of his followers, sentenced him to a year in jail. Father at once took an appeal (his conviction eventually was reversed) and shook the dust of Sayville from his celestial number nines. It really marked the beginning of his rise to a more than local influence. Harlem, Bridgeport, Newark, Philadelphia, and other cities began to hear of his cult, nurtured in the meeting halls of a half score darkytowns on the eastern seaboard. Belief in the divinity of Major J. Divine spread rapidly to such distant fields as Colorado, the State of Washington, and that breeding ground of the screwy, Los Angeles.

Peace Reigns in Newark

His converts, for the most part, are among the underprivileged and undereducated. His teachings, where they can be unscrambled from the rich rhetoric which surrounds them, appear to be an odd mélange of Christian Science, theosophy, and good old evangelical Baptist, to which he has added some sterling touches of his own quite aside from the tenet of his divinity.

The folk of the Kingdom are for the most part honest, hard-working persons (he teaches the dignity of labor) who believe implicitly in Father's ability to heal any mortal ailment. Should they die, it is merely because their faith has, for a fatal moment, wavered. Rumors that many converts had signed over to Father life insurance which they believed they would no longer need, thanks to their newly won immortality, have never been substantiated.

Amusingly, in view of the Long Island district attorney's alarm over the Kingdom's possible immorality, the Father teaches that husbands and wives should have no marital relations — since children will be "born by the action of the spirit." Many an irate husband, in the years since Father sprang full-blown out of Sayville, has complained of his spouse's attitude toward him since she "done took up with that Kingdom." In Father Divine's world of "brethren and sisters" there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Father managed to stay out of court for a while, following his trial in Mineola, but in the fall of 1933 he ran afoul the Newark, New Jersey, Court of Common Pleas. True, the affair did not involve any charges against him, but it did result in a formal investigation which was concerned (vainly, as usual) with the sources of his income.

Father had two Newark Kingdoms, as well as a sort of extension kingdom in the Oranges. In charge of one of the Newark organizations was a big negress called Faithful Mary, later to share honors with him in a New York City victory over the forces of (judicial) unrighteousness, and the other, the Temple, under the perhaps too enthusiastic leadership of "Bishop" J. F. Selkridge. Neighbors objected to the night-long hullabaloo kicked up by dusky seraphs in praise of their half-pint Lord; Selkridge was sent to jail for ninety days; and Judge Richard Hartshorne appointed a committee of three to investigate the Kingdom.

Hearings began on October 16, and early on the morning of that day the vicinity of the courthouse looked like something out of the deep South. Fully five hundred disciples clustered on the steps, most of them negroes, although there was the usual scattering of whites, and in the alleys roundabout were autos of every type and vintage bearing plates of Canada, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Delaware, New York, and Washington. "Peace," murmured the placid people among themselves. "Peace, it's wonderful."

One group of forty had come by bus from

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Seattle, under the leadership of a gentleman who rejoiced in the Heepish name of Ross Humble. Each had paid fifty dollars for transportation and food — they were on the road for eleven days — but since their arrival in the East they had all been "provided for." Their spokesman was Mrs. Nellie O. Hays, of Port Orchard, Washington:

Q — Who pays your expenses here?

A — Peace. It's wonderful. Father Divine provides it.

Q — What does he provide it from? Who pays for it?

A — Peace. I can't bear record to that. He provides it.

Q — Are you well provided for?

A — Every meal is a banquet, and we lie on the softest of beds. Peace. It's wonderful.

Mrs. Hays was asked about miracles. She obliged. "We were miraculously saved from disaster on our trip. Once we went into the ditch in Kansas: a watermelon wagon turned out in front of us. We never felt a bump. If it had been any other time, we would have all been killed. Peace. It's wonderful."

"Any other miracles?" asked the committee.

Mrs. Hays beamed. "I can bear record to this," she said. "All my life I suffered from indigestion and now I eat like a horse. It's wonderful."

Having listened to insurance agents who testified that the belief of the disciples that they would be taken care of once they had joined the Kingdom was not very good for business, the committee conscientiously interviewed the good Father himself. They asked him if he were God.

He paused a moment, replied: "I teach that God has the right to manifest himself through any person or anything he may choose," he said. "If my followers believe that I am God and in so doing they are led to reform their lives and experience joy and happiness, why should I prevent them from so doing?"

Many disciples testified to that "joy and happiness," and there was more talk of miracles.

Said one woman: "In regard to medical care, I have heard Father say, 'If you haven't faith enough in God, get a doctor.' Physical ailments are caused by poisonous thoughts. Disharmony in my home has been corrected, and that proves Father is God."

The committee's report found that the Kingdom had worked some harm, some good. It cited the testimony of social workers and police officers regarding the improved moral outlook of those who had "gone to Father" but deplored the likelihood that certain cultists might have turned their insurance over to the Kingdom and that the disciples generally "did not concern themselves realistically with the realities of life-protection against old age." Judge Hartshorne took no action beyond releasing the report to the public and quoting Lincoln to the effect that you can "fool some of the people some of the time," etc.

In 1934, Father Divine's detractors — many of them, you may be sure, were envious clerics of his own race — found a new theory to account for his apparently unlimited supplies of cash. On August 12 of that year, onlookers at a huge peace parade staged in New York City under Communist auspices were startled to see some thousands of colored marchers bearing banners which announced that "Father Divine is God."

"We may disgree with them to some extent, of course," explained a smiling veteran of the Red front, "but we are glad to have their assistance."

That, in the upshot, was just about what it amounted to. "No," said Father Divine in response to a direct inquiry, "I never got any money from Moscow. It's the other way around, in fact. I don't altogether agree with them, but I've helped them, some."

The Kingdom Flourishes

By the late autumn of 1934, Father Divine had come a long way from the heavenly mansions in Sayville. It was beginning to keep him busy just "swinging around" the fifteen branch heavens in the metropolitan district alone. He had an increasing number of white followers throughout the country, too, and the main branch of God's Kingdom just off the Avenue resembled the headquarters of the Abyssinian high command.

The five-story building at 20 West 115th Street, in that no man's land which lies between black Harlem and the habitat of the mestizo Spanish peoples, has a somewhat ecclesiastical air, due largely to its Gothic trimmings. At every hour, from morning until the morrow's dawn, there are always disciples at the door to greet every arrival with a hearty

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cry, "Peace, Brother, it's wonderful! Peace!"

Enter the vestibule and you can hear, above the clamor of the disciples who are just "standing around," the din of the diners in the basement. The luscious odor of corned beef and cabbage or fried chicken is wafted upward, together with an industrious rattle of tableware and the chant of the singers of hymns, sometimes muffled as though their mouths were very full. "I can't give you anything but love, Father," sing the hungry ones, in fervent parody of the song made famous by the not at all religious Blackbirds.

On the main floor is an auditorium; above the auditorium are dormitories (as the Kingdom grows, Father simply reaches into his pocket and rents another brownstone-front "annex"); and on the topmost floor are the Divine offices. Climbing, one hears the temporal click of a busy typewriter, and one's eyes light upon signs painted on canvas and hung against the walls to the greater glory of the Father.

"Peace," reads one, "Father Divine is the light of the world. The tree of life is blooming, blooming for one and all. Father Divine, I thank you, Father."

And another: "Father Divine has brought peace to the Nation. He is God. If you keep his sayings you will never see death."

"Every language, tongue, and nation must bow," screams a sign. "Father Divine is God, His Blood has Paid It," shouts a banner propped into an angle of the wall. And, ambiguously; "Peace! I am that I am and Who Can Hinder Me? The Lord is My Shepherd and I Shall Not Want I Mean Father Divine!"

Father is not an easy person to interview. He is articulate enough; his decidedly rambling orations fill whole pages in the negro papers of Harlem (they are always carried in full); but he usually has an aversion to the direct question. Asked once how tall he was, he thought a moment before replying: "I've never been measured, because I don't bear record, but I feel that I am five feet two."

Always, of course, there is the inevitable question about the source of his income, and always his answer is of the sort which a skeptic might term evasive. "The spirit of the consciousness of the principle of God is the source of all supply," he explains. "It will satisfy every desire. I have the keys to the treasures of the earth. I have all the money I need."

Divine Currency

There is no question about that. Not long ago representatives of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children took a fifteen-year-old white girl and four negro children from an apartment house in West 126th Street maintained as a dormitory annex to Father's Kingdom. The agents of the society acted because the establishment did not have the boarding-house license required by the Board of Health. The children did not want to go. They cried for "Mother," who presently appeared in the black and buxom person of Faithful Mary.

Faithful Mary, aided by a lawyer for Father Divine, then away on a visit to his flock in Bridgeport, conducted the agents on a tour of inspection. She explained to them, with no little pride, her gold teeth flashing in the half light of the tiny bedrooms, that she paid $1,700 a month rent for similar boarding houses conducted for the Kingdom's poor, meeting her bills two months in advance. "I trust to God Almighty for the money," she said. "I always get it."

"For nine years," she continued, "until two years ago, I was a street bum. But sympathy is in me now. Then I was dying of consumption. They wheeled me before Father Divine — he is God. I had been arrested in everything from the first to the seventh precincts in Jersey. I had a hemorrhage in one lung before I met the Father. I was a whisky fiend. I was birthmarked — yes, sure — with whisky. I didn't have a cent. Then I was cured by Father Divine. If God could heal me, if God could make me stop the drinking, I can trust Him for the rest of my life. I can trust in God Almighty for the money."

When God Almighty returned from Bridgeport, he appeared with his female disciple before Magistrate Burke in Harlem Court on the charge of operating a boarding house without a license. His arrival at court that afternoon was dramatic. Father and Faithful Mary and their attorney drove up in a plum-colored Rolls-Royce, to find the court entrance blocked by more than a thousand of the true believers, who had been standing for upwards of an hour in the pouring rain, cheerfully singing a hymn, "Praised be his holy name, Father Divine."

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Mary and the Father were greeted with a great shout and sheltered beneath a single huge umbrella (of bright purple). They tried to force their way to the door. "Peace," pleaded the Father, but in vain — the crowd still pressed forward. Mounted police finally forced the throng back, and master and disciple stood at last before the bar of justice.

Magistrate Burke heard the testimony of the Children's Society agents and the plea of counsel for the defendants that they had not realized the necessity for a license; and he held the pair for Special Sessions. He fixed bail at $250 each, and Father reached trustingly into that pants pocket and came up with a wad big enough to choke an agnostic. Magistrate Burke blinked, got up off the bench, peered at the money with which the little evangelist was fumbling.

"Let me see that," he said, "I see so few of them lately." Father Divine passed a $500 bill up to him. Magistrate Burke regarded it enigmatically.

"And now," said the Magistrate, finally, "what have you got in the other hand?"

Father passed up another $500 bill, and still there remained a thick, green flowering of divine, or Divine, currency in his small, sturdy brown hands.

"Bail," remarked the Court, a trace of envy in his voice, "is amended to $500 cash, apiece. You may as well put up the money, as long as you have it."

Father blinked his eyes pleasantly enough, and he put up the money and walked with Faithful Mary through the rain to the limousine, which bore them in state to the Kingdom and the applause of the waiting angels.

SAVED!

A FEW WEEKS later, hundreds of shouting negroes who had made the long journey to the Criminal Courts building, far downtown, exulted when the Father's lawyer (the same Arthur J. Madison who had defended him in Mineola years before) secured a postponement. "He's won, He's won, He's won, He's won, He's won," they chanted, leaping about in an African ecstasy utterly unlike the drabber demonstrations of emotion to which that aged and tear-stained structure is accustomed. They followed him down the corridors, ignoring the remonstrances of attendants. One woman reached forward to kiss his coattails, shrieking the while: "There goes my savior!"

Out into Centre Street marched the little God, pursued by his devotees. This time his Rolls was a pale blue, and the faithful crowded about it, clamoring. "He's God," said a white man in laborer's clothing to his companion. "He's God." And then, behind cupped hands: "Nobody really knows what it all is, but He's God!"

A stalwart negro was more belligerent: "It's a good thing He won," he yelled, "or there wouldn't have been no courthouse. No sir, there wouldn't have been no courthouse at all!"

For the most part, however, the disciples were of gentler mold, stretching their hands out toward the Father, making the peculiar twiddling motion with their finger tips which is the unfailing mark of the cult.

But this premature celebration wasn't a patch on that which took place before the Criminal Courts Building on April 16, when three judges of the Court of Special Sessions who had just declared Father not guilty of the charges brought against him by the Children's Society stood at the windows with their attendants and watched pandemonium in the broad and dingy street outside.

The crowd had been gathering since before dawn, and when the diminutive colored deity emerged from his ordeal victorious it went absolutely wild. Negroes and whites danced in the streets, strove to touch the sides of Divine's gaudy limousine as it rolled through the press.

Testimony of the prosecution witnesses — children who had been sheltered in the home for which Faithful Mary had failed to secure a license — was typical of that given by Father's followers in all his brushes with mundane law. Here is George Deik, nine, a negro lad:

Q [by Justice Caldwell] — Truth or lie, which is right?
A — Truth.
Q — And what would happen if you told a lie?
A — Father Divine would punish me if I told a lie after swearing to tell the truth.
Q [by Deputy Assistant Prosecutor MacDonald] — Do you believe in God, George?
A — Yes.
Q — Who is God?
A — Father Divine.

Father returned in triumph to the Kingdom to wrestle with his mail. It was no mean job even for deity made flesh. For the Kingdom

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was growing steadily and not always without protest from the heathen.

In Ivywild, suburb of Colorado Springs, only the determination of Sheriff Sam Deal and his deputies had prevented a crowd of irate suburbanites from attacking a newly established branch of heaven, the membership of which is fifty per cent white. In Los Angeles, attention had been called to the cult by the divorce suit filed by the wife of a chiropractor who charged that her husband had become cold to her since enrolling beneath the celestial banner of Father. More usually this type of case involved the protests of husbands embittered because, they charge, their wives have refused them conjugal relations after becoming converted to the cult. Rival negro pastors quickly took advantage of this phase of the Kingdom's influence (it recurs continually in the courts of domestic relations), and one recently announced that he had "frankly advised" a wife who leaned toward the Kingdom to return to her husband. "I told her to go back to the flesh," he said.

From Manhasset, Long Island, came the threat of Rev. Dr. Roscoe H. Walker, negro pastor of the Community Baptist Church, to "lead a hundred twenty-five thousand negroes to Harlem and tear apart Mr. Divine's heaven there, brick by brick." Dr. Walker alleged that Father "has a heaven just off Fifth Avenue, in the sixties, which is for whites only."

God Moves in Mysterious Ways

Nevertheless, Father continues to prosper and heaven to expand. John Green, haled into Domestic Relations Court by his wife, declared he was devoted to Father "ten million per cent." Some time ago a bus loaded with negroes was involved in a minor accident. The driver, without a license, was haled to a police station. His passengers accompanied him. All wore buttons proclaiming them members of "heaven on earth," and they filled the station house with crooning melody.

"Who owns this car?" asked the hard-boiled desk lieutenant.

The ebony-faced driver, his legs encased in riding boots below smart whipcord breeches, regarded him gravely: "It belongs to God, Policeman," he replied.

The passengers crooned reverently, and the lieutenant put his hand to his forehead in a gesture of bewilderment. "Where's your license?" he demanded, finally.

"It's at the Kingdom, Officer," said the driver. The lieutenant gave up. Someone was dispatched to the Kingdom, returned with the license, and bus and passengers departed.

Principals of night schools in Harlem and in Brooklyn were startled a little while ago by a tremendous influx of students who came into their offices, their faces alight, and murmured, "Peace be with you." It developed that Father, interlarding one of his polysyllabic discourses with a practical interlude, had suggested that it would please divinity if more of the disciples went to school. They've had to put on extra instructors in Harlem.

And so the work of the Kingdom continues and spreads, and the mystery of Father, glorified realization of the imagined deity in *The Green Pastures*, remains unsolved. The pocket filled directly from heaven apparently produces more money than ever before, despite depression, and the tiny Divine's influence has never been so great. Indeed, it is believed that anger over official interference with Faithful Mary's celestial homes was one of the causes underlying Harlem's recent riot.

The two latest theories regarding Father's income (and like the others they can neither be proved nor disproved) are, one, that he was left a fortune by some unknown admirer and, two, that his activities are being supported by some anonymous white philanthropist. The second is at least intriguing — certainly a fascinating way to spend a few million! One doubts, however, if the imagination of any American multimillionaire would be equal to it.

And what of the future? Has the heaven whose God is in Harlem reached its greatest glory on earth, must it face the inevitable decline of secular institutions?

Father Divine's airplane rolled up to the hangar apron at Roosevelt Field after a swing around the Kingdoms in the East. A throng of disciples greeted their God with uplifted hands. Colonel Robert Lorraine, World War veteran, strolled over to the little evangelist.

"Well, Reverend," said the Colonel, "How close to Heaven did you get?"

"I carry it with me," replied the black man. "By 2525 there will be a vanishing city carrying ten million of my followers."

That's your answer!

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Which Way for the Labor Unions?

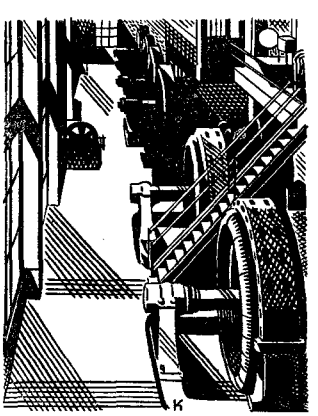
A Debate

I—Organized Labor Protects All

***by* WILLIAM GREEN**

LABOR FINDS itself again in 1936 confronted with a sharp debate within its own ranks, but before I reply to the invitation of the Editor of THE FORUM, to define the position of the organization for which I have the honor to speak, may I remind those who are courteous enough to consider what I have to say that the American Federation of Labor has always taken the position it now holds — that it stands primarily to protect the rights of every laboring man in the United States, whether he belongs to a union or not.

The accomplishments of the Federation are too well known and recognized to require repetition here. It has been said, and I think it is undisputed, that no other organization in history has accomplished concretely what we have accomplished for the laboring man, while the benefits we have brought to our own members have inevitably spread out and have been shared by workers who did not bear their share of the burden of the organization.



At all times, as now, we are guided primarily by the determination to be sure our principles are right. We have always fought for principle. We are fighting for principle today. If power comes to us, as it has in the past and as it must in the future, that is a secondary consideration. We have never sought power directly, and for that reason we have always kept out of politics. It is our belief that if we seek power directly, ignoring the basic principles on which our strength is built, whatever may be the heights of power which we may attain, it will be inevitable that we will lose in the end not only the temporary power but also the advantages for which we have fought so successfully through our history of fifty-five years.

Now, before I continue with what some persons have tried to present as an opposition to the important and powerful miners' union but which is actually nothing of the kind, permit me to remind my readers that all of my manual labor was as a miner. I am the son of a miner and for twenty years I labored in the coal mines of Ohio. For years I was a suboffice of a subdistrict of the United Mine Workers of Ohio. Later I was President of the United Mine Workers of Ohio. Then I became Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America. Today I hold my union card as a member of the United Mine Workers of America. Who, then, can justly say that I am antagonistic to the interests of miners or of the miners' union?

However, I am also President of the American Federation of Labor, which is made up of 110 component parts, and am required by my obligation and the laws of the Federation to execute organization policies adopted at conventions of the American Federation of Labor.

In the present debate within the Federation, all of these 110 international unions, with the exception of 8, are willing to be governed by the decisions arrived at by a majority vote in the conventions and to carry out the organization policies adopted at conventions. Among these is one providing for the application of

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both craft and industrial-union types of organization within the Federation of Labor itself.

The issue, therefore, raised by the action of the eight international unions referred to is not craft unionism versus industrial unionism but rather the question whether organization policies determined by a majority vote of the delegates in attendance at a convention shall be carried out.

II

WHAT IS craft unionism? I am so familiar with the subject that it seems like an old story, for not only have thousands of speeches been uttered on it, but a whole library exists on the subject.

May I attempt in a brief sentence to offer you the arguments submitted by defenders of the craft or trade form of organization? They hold that the skilled worker has a perfect right to commercialize to his full advantage, when negotiating wage contracts, the key position which he inevitably holds in industry and in industrial production; that he has a right to use the value of his skill, in union, in order to force from unwilling employers the highest wage and the most satisfactory conditions possible. They also hold that an integral part of that force rests in the *quality* and in the *rarity* of the skill.

To indicate how far into the realm of highly paid skill the basic tenets of the Federation have penetrated, permit me to remind you that we have just organized one group which contains among its members holding union cards, as skilled workers binding themselves in union to advance the interests of their craft, at least 2 men who earn every year, *at their labor*, over $100,000 each. These are not officers; these are private soldiers in our ranks. I refer to the Organized Union of Moving Picture Directors. These men have come to realize, with three and a half million of their brother laboring men, that in union there is strength. Yet who could ask moving-picture directors to adopt an industrial form of unionism?

At the same time it must be clearly understood that the Federation, as an official organization, has no objection to any of its competent affiliates adopting, *for itself*, the industrial form of unionism. We are a *federation* of self-contained and self-governing units. Each is complete and independent in itself. Each is complete and has its being out of its own needs and beliefs.

In a way, the situation in the American Federation of Labor is comparable to the political situation in the broader field of the nation. I refer to the rights of the States as against the federal rights of the union. There are well-defined and well-recognized points at which the rights of each meet and cease. Also, I may remark, parenthetically, that, despite a civil war and despite many sharp conflicts, all the problems of State rights as against national rights and vice versa are not even yet entirely settled.

III

THIS PROBLEM of industrial organization is no new issue. It has been with us from the beginning. In fact, the American Federation of Labor, formed in 1881, was a rival of the Knights of Labor, formed in 1878, and the only difference between them was that the Knights of Labor advocated industrial unionism and the Federation advocated craft unionism.

The history of fifty-five years tells which idea has survived. The Knights of Labor has gone; the Federation is here. And yet we have hardly had an annual convention since we began in which the agitation has not been brought in afresh by some group or groups to extend the scope and power of industrial unionism.

You may recall that Mr. Debs and his associates strongly advocated the establishment of industrial unionism in the railway industry. A wide and startling difference of opinion arose between the two groups in the industry itself, and this difference rose to a peak in the great railway strike, which failed. That failure meant the failure of the industrial form of organization in the railway industry, where the present form of craft unionism has been in force ever since.

These historic facts indicate a drift of considered and solidified opinion within our ranks. It would seem that the railroad industry was well adapted to the industrial form of unionism, yet the facts speak for themselves.

It might seem, also, that the printing industry is adapted to the industrial form, yet, despite the attitude of the Typographical Union in favor of the industrial type of organ-

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ization, the whole printing industry, of which the Typographical Union forms an essential element, has rejected the industrial form.

In my office as President I can take no sides in enforcing the application of the two types of unionism, for I am obliged by the oath of my office to recognize a majority rule, and to make sure that the solemn covenant, whereby we are united and which guarantees to each of our affiliates the *right* to its separate choice, is strictly enforced.

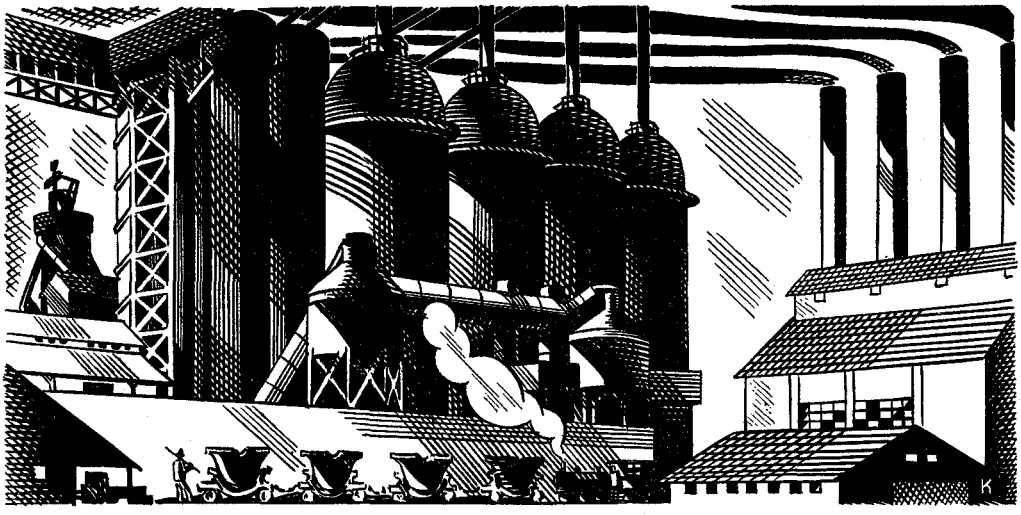
I believe that experience has taught us there is a way for us to apply both plans in the most broad, comprehensive, and fair way in the organization of workers within the American Federation of Labor.

There is a question involved in this whole controversy that is broader and deeper and higher than the mere economic philosophy involved. It is the question of self-government itself.

Therefore, I say, the question is not whether craft or industrial unionism shall win. They should both win, as a matter of fact.

The question is: Cannot the workingmen and -women of this nation, through their chosen representatives, meet as a family and then, as a family, after threshing out their problems thoroughly, settle their differences; and, finally, can we not go out as *one* on the economic field and fight for the policies we adopt?

That is the only question involved.



II—Industrial Unionism Surveys the Future

by JOHN L. LEWIS

THE REALITIES of yesterday often are the fictions of today. We are prone to carry the past with us and to permit it to rule our conduct. Only out of today can we build tomorrow.

These reflections occur to me when I am asked by the Editor of THE FORUM to define the meaning of the present struggle of industrial unionism to free itself from the restraints which the American Federation of Labor is striving to place upon our efforts to follow a logical and inevitable course in advancing the interests of all American laboring men.

To survey this problem in its broadest aspect, consider this basic fact: the membership of the Federation is at most no more than 3,500,000, while there are in the United States, in addition, at least 30,000,000 unorganized workers.

We are out to help the thirty million and to do it quickly. The Federation says the thirty

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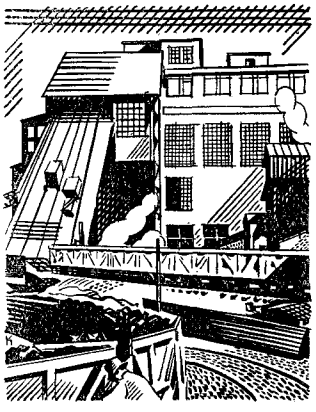
million shall be organized only in its own way, if at all. Judging by the past, this means that for an indefinite period, if not forever, the thirty million shall remain without benefit of organization.

We do not propose to accept that proposition. If it means leaving the Federation to achieve this essential object of all organized labor, that we will do, sooner than abandon the rights of the thirty million.

It is only by knowing the past that we can understand the present, so let me relate briefly some labor history. About fifty-five years ago the American Federation was founded, with a membership based upon craft unions, or organizations of skilled workers. That was in the period when industries were small, and often the owners were themselves craftsmen. The employees were skilled workers, such as machinists, blacksmiths, sheet-metal workers, carpenters, and the like — men who, as a rule, had to serve at least four years at their craft to qualify.



The modern industrial revolution came some time later. No one can say the exact moment or hour when it arrived. Such an event is not accurately dated, but if you look at conditions today and compare them with those of that day you see an intensely dramatic contrast.

Now we find mines, mills, and plants operating in different States integrated into national holding companies. Through corporation subsidiaries we find operating as national enterprises great industries such as those of steel, textiles, copper, glass, rubber, etc. You find these industries under control of a small inner group of eastern bankers and fiscal agents, who, at a distance but covering vast territory and vast numbers, determine operating and labor as well as financial policies.

However, these changes in control are as nothing compared to the technical changes in production. Undreamed-of advances were made in mechanization, in technological improvements, and in mass production methods. Skilled occupations were increasingly rendered obsolete. The work previously done by skilled craftsmen was taken over by machine operatives, with brief training.

Thus you find, today, the majority of industrial workers are unskilled or semiskilled, while the skilled craftsmen of former days are reduced to a small group.

II

THESE ARE the facts to contemplate; these are the realities of today. These facts have created the problem of industrial unionism. They have created the crucial test within the organized labor movement by stoutly asking the American Federation of Labor if it can also organize the great mass-production industries.

So far the answer of the Federation unmistakably is — no! Even during the World War, when the federal government helped, little was accomplished. During the prosperous era of 1923–29 the Federation failed utterly to secure any foothold in the big industries.

Take, for instance, the automobile industry. The Federation has never been able to do anything there, and it has now even abandoned the effort. As a result workers there are exploited, and are wholly at the mercy of employers. The same is true in the industries working in rubber. And in many others.

We know what we are up against. It is the great corporation multiplied by interlocking directorates. That is our giant enemy, and, while we are falsely secure in contemplating our achievements of the past, he (capital, if you please) is throwing restraint to the winds. In the mass-production industries labor is being driven to the wall. Company unions are multiplying. On every side the enemy is pressing forward. While we debate, they are agreed. While we hesitate, they discover new ways to place us under thrall.

That is what I meant in the beginning by remarking that the realities of yesterday (the dominating strength of craft unions) is largely a fiction today. Its force is gone. The American Federation of Labor is standing still, with its face toward the dead past.

Can anything ever stand still? We all know it is impossible. Like every other organic life the Federation is going either forward or back; it cannot stand still. We feel and we know and

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we see evidences on every hand of the sinister fact that forces are at work in America which would wipe out, if they could, our labor movement. They would wipe it out just as it was wiped out in Germany and in Italy; and they are approaching that fatal moment with ingenious caution, tunneling into us from within, feeding us with false security by catering to our fatuous belief that the old craft-unionism allegiance is our salvation. If we cling to that just a little longer, then indeed will we be rendered flabby and nonresistive and ready for the death stroke.

What is it then that we want? We want the right to organize the 30,000,000 unorganized workers in the United States. That is a conservative figure. It is estimated as high as 39,000,000. We want the standards of a bygone era of craft unionism removed as a bar to membership in the organization.

The officers of the Federation give apparent lip service to our demands. They say they also desire to spread membership, *but they will not change the standards*. For many years they have tried and have pitifully failed to extend their organization, notably in the automotive industry and in many allied branches of the steel industry, as well as elsewhere.

We say: Now give *us* a chance. They refuse. Their attitude is that of the dog in the manger. They can't take the field themselves and they refuse to permit us to take it.

One point I must emphasize, even in this brief statement. We do not oppose craft unions and we protect and advance the interest of skilled workers, while we are dedicated to the principle that to raise the lot of *all* workers is to advance the condition of *every* worker. And, within the Federation, we would do nothing to alter the position of craft unions which are established and successfully functioning.

Without going further into the merits, permit me to remind the reader that the Mine Workers of America are not alone in this fight. We are one of 8 unions composing the Committee for Industrial Organization — the others being the International Typographical Union; the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; the International Ladies Garment Workers; the United Textile Workers of America; the Cap and Millinery Department of the United Hatters; the Oil Field, Gas Well and Refinery Workers of America; and the International Union of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers.

In this connection let me ask just one question: would the Typographical Union be with us if our position did not appeal to men of the keenest intelligence and of the soundest judgment? For is it not well known that the Typographical Union is one of the oldest and most securely established of all craft unions and that its membership is composed of men with a very high level of educational and cultural background?

III

As for me, what I write here has come from hard experience. I began as a mine worker and after that, for five and a half years, I was an organizer for the American Federation of Labor. During that time I worked in practically every State of the Union, in the steel industry, in the glass industry, in the rubber industry, and in other industries. Since then I have been a labor-union official. I am entirely a practical man, and it should be apparent wherein comes my authority.

Therefore I say that among the lessons of my life none is clearer than this: the strong man can retain his strength only in so far as he supplements it with the strength of others, in turn giving to them as he receives from them. The strong do not always remain strong, and that is just as true of labor unions as of individual men.

Therefore, my final plea to my brothers in the American Federation is this: the craft unions of this country may not always be able to stand so squarely upon their feet as now; things are changing rapidly — the lightning and the gale; revolution, dictatorship — we know not what — may come to destroy.

Prepare! Let that preparation be a contribution to your less fortunate brothers. Heed this cry from the hearts of thirty million. Organize the unorganized.

In this act alone you will make the American Federation of Labor the greatest instrumentality that has ever been forged in the history of modern civilization to befriend the cause of humanity and to champion human rights.

Next month: "Guideposts to Prosperity"

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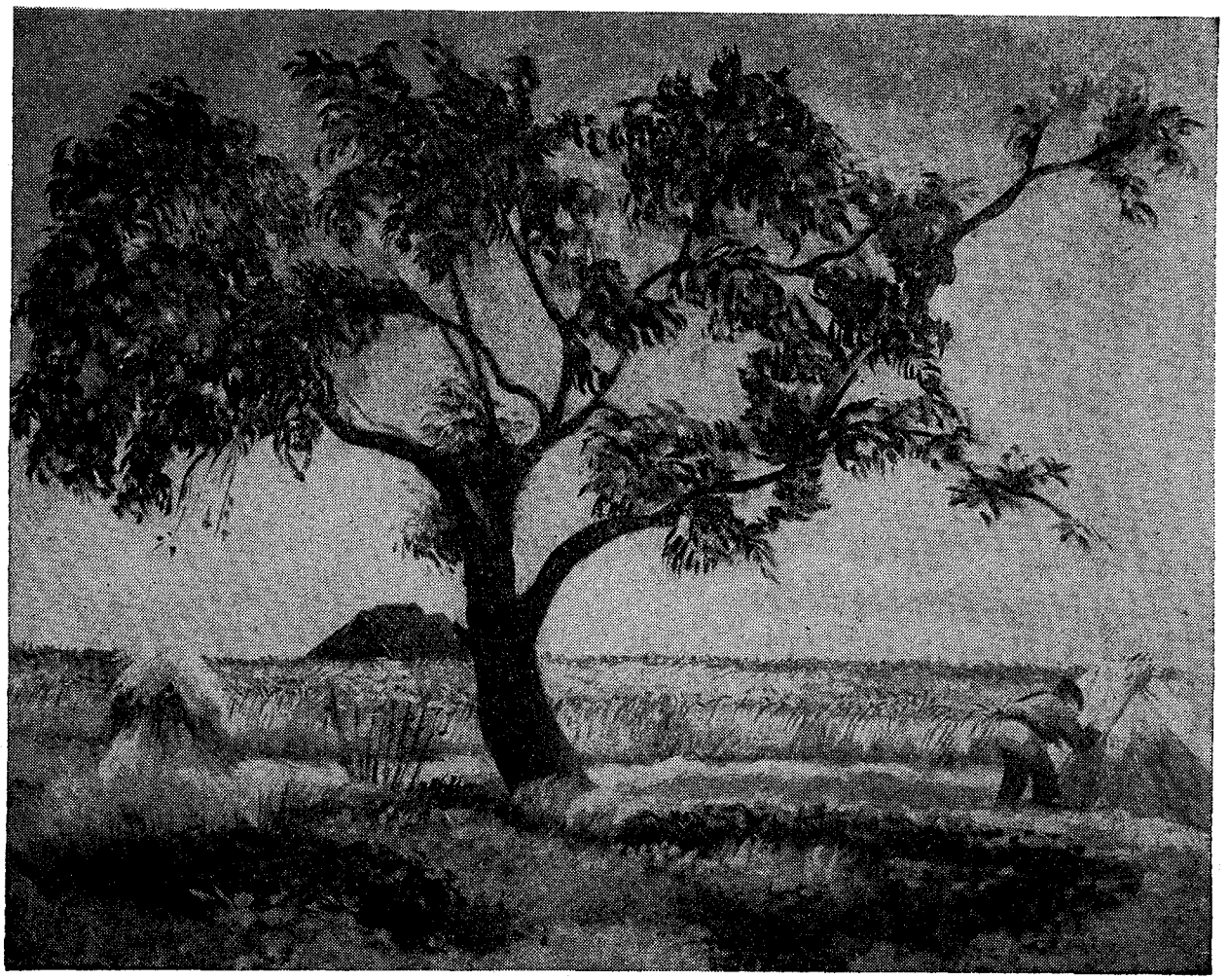

Apple Tree and Wheat.

Wheat Fields

Three Scenes from the Plains

Courtesy of the Walker Galleries

by JOE JONES

TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Joe Jones had his first New York show a year ago. His success was immediate. Archibald MacLeish wrote of this self-taught former house painter "as having digested a lot of the good ideas of a lot of good people and as having more scope, more vitality, more fecundity, and more promise as well as more mastery than most artists a decade his senior."

With a directness and simplicity like that exhibited in his paintings, Jones went back last spring to the wheat country. There he labored in the fields with the farmers and painted both, and we reproduce here three of these latest efforts.

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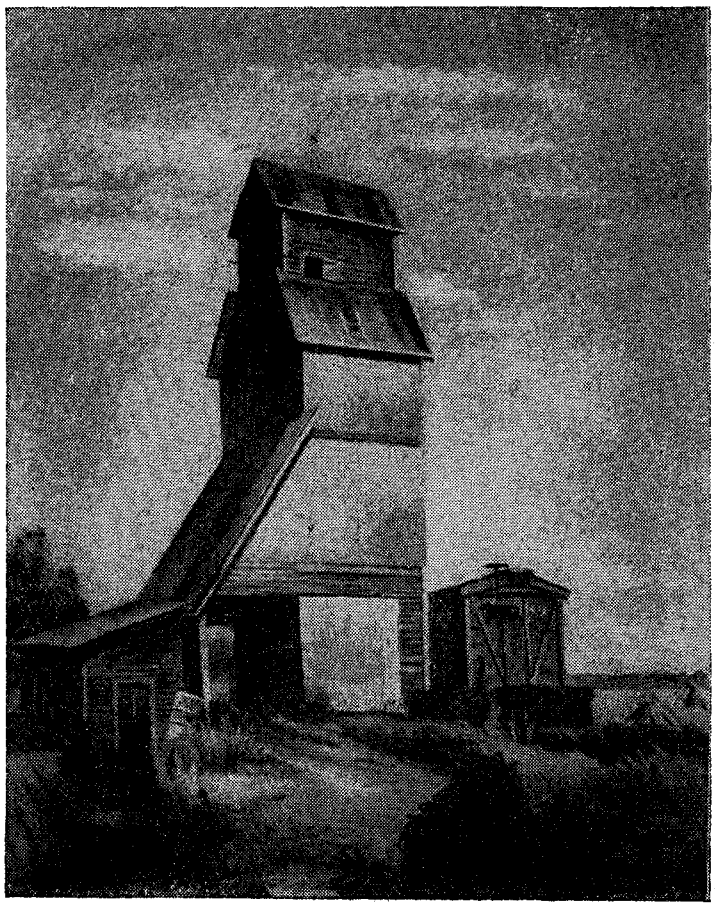
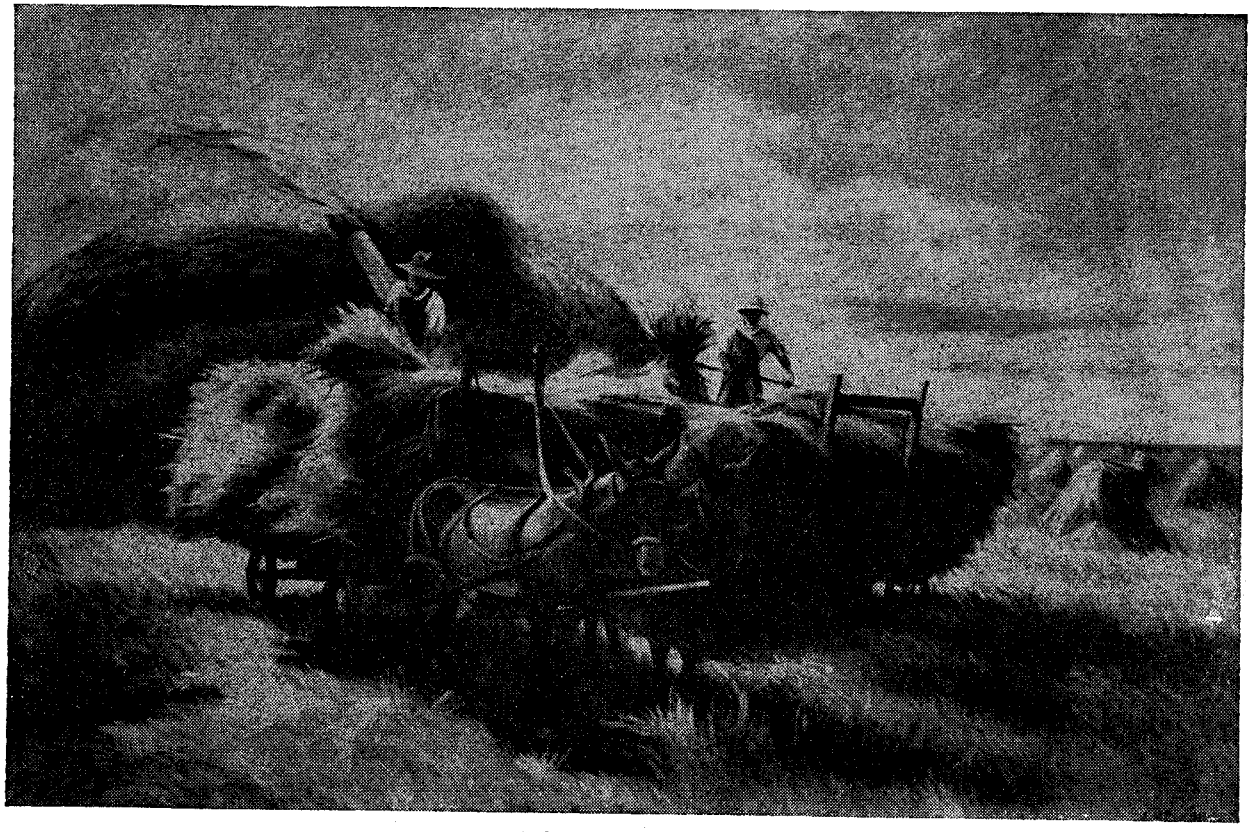


Grain Elevator



Threshing No. 2

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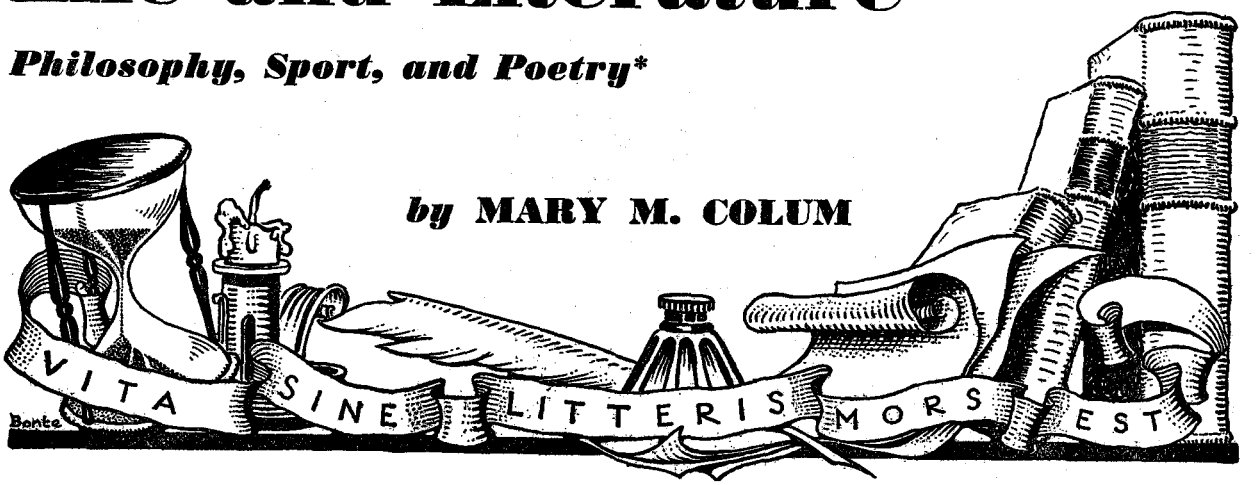
Life and Literature

*Philosophy, Sport, and Poetry**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

WERE IT not for the fact that a philosopher has chosen to publish a novel at this season, the spring book crop would have been a trifle lacking in intellectual nutriment. George Santayana's *The Last Puritan* is, beyond a doubt, the most diverting and instructive book that this season is likely to yield to us. Philosophers, especially when they are poets as well, have entertaining minds, and so the dialogues and soliloquies in this book, though they are not of a kind that was ever uttered by unphilosophical man on land or sea, are immensely amusing and interesting. They are so full of wisdom, poetry, irony that one gets practically as much excitement out of reading them as one gets out of the conversations between Zarathustra and the eagle.

Is this book a novel, or is it not? Well, for some time there has been appearing in literature a new form. In some writers like Joyce and Proust this form is still called a novel; when it is written by a philosopher who sees people as essences it is meet to inquire what the new form is and where it is heading — is it fiction or autobiography or philosophy or what? I believe that it belongs to that literary form which is the most likely of all to express and manifest the age: criticism.

Anatole France said: "Criticism is, like philosophy and history, a kind of novel for discreet and curious minds." Criticism, he also said, though the latest come of all the literary shapes, was in the end likely to swallow up all the others. *The Last Puritan* is a kind of novel for discreet and curious minds, and, while it swallows many of the other forms, it remains criticism. Every character, and there are astoundingly recognizable characters in the book, is revealed through ironic description, comment and conversation which make not only a revelation but a criticism of the character. When we have finished we not only know the people's minds well and their relation to all known human values but we know their especial relation to the values inherent in the philosophy of the author of *The Life of Reason*.

Oliver Alden, the last Puritan, is liquidated "fighting the Germans whom I like, on the side of the French whom I don't like." Not, of course, killed by the Germans; that is not Santayana's kind of irony; but killed when the last Puritan, after the armistice, runs his car into a milestone so as to avoid a collision with a motorcyclist. Said Oliver in his last soliloquy:

> It is a dreadful inheritance, this of mine, that I need to be honest, that I need to be true, that I need to be just. . . . I was born a moral aristocrat, able to obey only the voice of God which means that of my own heart.

Irony so tremendous as this can hardly escape the general reader, though it may escape the last Puritans who read this book.

Who are these Puritans whose characters and histories Santayana records? Everyone has some experience in life which transcends all the others, either short and exciting or long and uneventful, which in the calm of old age

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed here are:* The Last Puritan, *by George Santayana* (*Scribner, $2.75*); The Destructive Element, *by Stephen Spender* (*Houghton Mifflin, $2.00*); Monogram, *by G. B. Stern* (*Macmillan, $2.50*); Up in the Hills, *by Lord Dunsany* (*Putnam, $2.00*); Public Speech, *by Archibald MacLeish* (*Farrar & Rinehart, $1.00, $7.50*); Man and Beast, *by Theodore Maynard* (*Longmans, Green, $1.50*); Swear by the Night, *by Nathalia Crane* (*Random House, $1.50*).

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he can meditate upon. George Santayana's master experience was living in Boston, first as a child, then as a student and professor at Harvard, in close relation with New England Puritans, among people who were conscious that they were obeying the voice of God, that is, of their own hearts.

He was the child of a Spanish mother's second marriage, her first being to a Boston gentleman named Sturgis. On a visit to Spain after Sturgis' death she married as her second husband a Spaniard, Santayana's father. In consequence of a promise to her first husband, she lived in Boston with the Sturgis children while her Spanish husband with their son George lived in Spain. However, the Spaniard relinquished George at the age of nine, to live with his mother in Boston. She, apparently, did not consciously think she was obeying the voice of God or of her conscience in this arrangement — she was simply keeping a word she had given "in the high Roman fashion." That conscience, the sense of duty of his mother's, the daughter of a Catalonian follower of Rousseau, was the cause which predetermined her son George's becoming a professor at Harvard and a distinguished writer of English, though his own natural affinities were neither English nor Anglo-Saxon but Continental European.

At the age of nine, George, not then speaking a word of English, was brought to Boston by his Spanish father, who, after one winter, returned to Spain. These diverse influences — Spain, Boston, the Boston Latin School, Harvard, his New England half brothers and sisters — bred the philosopher, the poet, the writer who has produced in *The Last Puritan* a volume which, with a couple of Hawthorne's books, will come to be regarded as the only real revelation of the New England Puritan mind that we have been given.

On Leaden Wing

For his men characters Santayana has a respect and sympathy strongly mixed with irony and a little repulsion; for the women for the most part he has simply a patient and brilliantly expressed hatred. The marvelously wrought portrait of Mrs. Alden, the mother of the last Puritan, is of a lady familiar to anybody who has ever lived in New England. She had married for money, but:

> Her own theory about it was that she had married on principle, because a married life was so much higher, normal, and unselfish.

She publicly approved of large families, especially when of pure native stock, but she had taken every precaution herself against having more than one child because, she thought, her duty to her intellect was of such a kind that her time ought not to be taken up with childbearing.

> Superior as she thought herself she was far from suspecting that the foundation of morality and intelligence had been sapped in her and her tribe. . . . Mrs. Alden, being a woman of independent and intuitive mind, unhesitatingly invented the thoughts and actions to be attributed to others, and she was so confident in the truth of her divinations that she did not hesitate to proclaim them as facts.

She disapproved of mourning for her dead husband, Peter, who had liberated himself from the long weariness of life by a large dose of sleeping mixture,

> because it was wrong to foster and fondle one's sorrow instead of turning hopefully to one's next duty.

Wrapped in a protective cocoon of idealism and often-expressed sublimities and believing intensely in her own wisdom and kindliness, she is able to master everybody without a break in her complacency. It is one of the most subtle and scarifying portraits in literature and is perhaps a more finished portrait of an egoist than Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne.

In contrast to the women in the book, Oliver and his father, Peter, are likeable, reliable, and pleasant people. Then, what exactly is the matter with them, and why does Santayana draw up an indictment against them and all the other Puritans? It is because in them what Wordsworth called the essential passions of the heart are thin or nonexistent. As if conscious of their own lack, both father and son cling to Lord Jim, the English captain of Peter's yacht, because of his warmth of life; in the end Oliver leaves to Jim's mother and to his sister Rose, whom he wanted to marry, a legacy, albeit a meager one for a man of his wealth, as an equivalent to his meager passion. For, as the book tells us, Oliver

> suffered from a moral cramp . . . a clop in the wheel of every natural passion . . . he would die as he had lived with lead in his wing.

Though very rich, he "seemed to be suffering always from some kind of want." For the

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really illuminating comment on *The Last Puritan* we should turn back to an early poem of Santayana's:

It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inner vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
. . . . . .
To trust the heart's invincible surmise.
Was all his science and his only art.

To believe in the human heart, to believe in the supernatural — that is the lesson of *The Last Puritan*, for it has a lesson, a legend, something that can sum it all up, as criticism in the form of fiction should have. Still it must be owned that we do not get a very strong impression that the philosophic author has much of the human heart beating in him, however much he may rejoice in that manifestation in the bosoms of others and its primacy in the philosophy of the Catholic Church. This may be because he is now seventy-three or so. In his heyday as a poet he could make words dance with emotion, even thunder with emotion: he could take a chilly poem like Gautier's *L'Art* and turn it into English that throbs with life and passion — indeed it may be that he has endowed it with an immortality in English that it did not have in French:

The Gods, too, die, alas!
But deathless and more strong
Than brass
Remains the sovereign song.

It is really a great triumph on the part of a philosopher to produce a novel, that is, to produce something that is not static, that has a motion of its own. The author of *Dialogues in Limbo* and *Soliloquies in England* is very evident in *The Last Puritan:* there is much in the novel that might have gone into the *Dialogues* or the *Soliloquies* — there is always the flexible prose that comes from dialectic — but it still has the accumulation of interest that we demand from fiction. It will be widely read, one can guess, for it provides nutriment for the mind.

In this respect the publishers have provided the public with a book that none of them could write himself and have departed magnificently from the usual output of books which are of the kind that most intelligent readers could do for themselves. Publishers are so remote from minds of readers that they underestimate their intelligence. Will some one amongst them seriously abandon his mind to publishing only books of high intellectual content? He would find, probably, that he would be publishing best sellers, if he would make sure at the same time that the authors, like Santayana, have entertaining minds. I have a notion that if *The Last Puritan* had been sent round in the ordinary way of manuscripts it would not have been published at all, for it would have seemed to the publisher's reader far outside the ordinary reader's interest. If, as is likely, this philosophical and critical "memoir in the form of a novel" is a financial success, it ought to make an encouraging precedent for a few adventurous publishers.

Almost a Poet

"I am an ignorant man, almost a poet," Santayana said somewhere of himself, though he is one of the most instructed of living men and among the most important living writers of prose and verse. Now if Stephen Spender, the writer of *The Destructive Element*, had said this about himself he would have spoken literal truth, for he is almost a poet and he seems to be ignorant in the sense of having a lack of natural enlightenment, natural intuitions, natural self-criticism. For how else could he have been led to choose as subjects for a book of criticism Henry James, T. S. Eliot, W. B. Yeats, and D. H. Lawrence — all writers who have been practically done to death under the pens of contemporary critics and about whom it will be impossible for even the finest and most penetrating minds to say anything fresh for the next ten years? All the chapters of this book in their attempt to make a thesis — "Yeats as a Realist," "Henry James and the Contemporary Subject" (we are grateful that he hasn't tackled "Proust and the Time Element"), and the like — suggest a student working up a college theme, and indeed Stephen Spender has the adolescent academic mind to a marked degree. One can depend on his saying all the things that have already been said about a writer or that might be said in a school history of literature. For example:

> The New England puritanical point of view pervades James and is the crudest explanation of the moral feeling behind the deaths of so many of his characters.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Eliot being an extremely moral writer is also an extremely isolated writer.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> W. B. Yeats is an isolated figure in modern writing

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> whose achievements at first seem only to be explained by his extreme individuality. . . . He is capable because he has the highest intelligence and because his rhetoric is not the rhetoric of the politician of passionate seriousness.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> His unique individuality makes it difficult to bridge the gulf between James and any other writer.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Lawrence never felt that because he was an artist his life was cut off from the lives of the people around him.

If Stephen Spender moves at all away from the platitudinous, he goes completely astray, as in the chapter on Yeats. He assumes that Yeats's later unromantic, direct style is due to his mingling in Irish politics. But when Yeats was really mixed up in Irish politics he was writing like this:

> *I would that we were my beloved,*
> *White birds on the foam of the sea.*

The sharp actuality of his later poetry and its colloquial tone come from his connection with the theater and from hearing his verses spoken on the stage. Being in late years a member of the Irish Senate did not mean that he had any relation to actual politics, as Mr. Spender assumes.

Other portions of his chapter on this poet revolve around a notion first put forward by a writer in *The Dial* several years ago, connecting Yeats with the French symbolists. Taken in a casual way, there may be some modicum of truth in this idea, but the first fact is that Yeats's poetry from its very beginning was full of symbols. The second fact is that he could not read a French symbolist poem and that if he ever frequented Mallarmé's Tuesday reunions, which I have sound reasons for doubting, he would not have understood what Mallarmé and his disciples were saying. And the third fact is that French symbolist poetry has seldom any symbols in the English meaning at all: it has images or a sequence of images. There are more symbols in a few poems of Blake's and of Keats's than in all the French symbolists put together. An English-writing poet could have fallen under all possible symbolist influence without going outside English: it was the English that first influenced the French in this respect. What most of the French symbolists were trying to do was to write poetry like the English. Even in Mallarmé's own case the subject of his symbolism was invariably the poet in quest of himself or of his inspiration; the subject of Yeats's symbolism was manifold — taken from Irish legend and mythology and from books of traditional magic. His resemblance to Goethe, repeatedly pointed out, is in only a few phases of his career and not at all in his work; the comparison which Stephen Spender sees fit to draw between Goethe's *West-oestlicher Divan* and some of the poetry of Yeats is one of those pedantic analogies which are really meaningless.

However, the writer of *The Destructive Element* is a young man, somewhere in the late twenties, and at that age few people have enough experience of life, literature, or ideas to have anything worth while to say in criticism — which is the art of the mature mind: we have it on a high level in *The Last Puritan*.

Sporting Echoes

G. B. Stern tells us in *Monogram* about the youngest English generation:

> They are a little too pleased with themselves; they go about in droves, always in droves, without forming violent, glorious, mistaken friendships. There does not seem to be much genius about, nor flame, nor fanaticism.

That, certainly, is the impression we get over here from such of the writings of the much-heralded amongst them that have reached us; it is as if England, who has produced so much of the world's greatest literature, were priding herself on having small talents and diminished minds. Miss Stern herself, the author of *The Matriarch* and *The Tents of Israel*, is a mellow writer of an older generation, an English writer though not quite an English woman, an Israelite as she would call herself, with a Viennese mother and an international tribe of relatives, all rich and all having something to do with the diamond trade. This international tribal background gives a reader of her book somewhat the same impression that one gets from a volume of memoirs written by a princess who is related to ruling personages in many countries.

But what makes G. B. Stern's memoirs such interesting and sympathetic reading is the personality that comes through them, a gay, spirited, sporting personality. She has had warmth enough and leisure enough to love her friends, to have had a good time generally out of her life, to have seen a great deal of the world, and to have become a successful writer.

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The sort of life that meant most to her was that bordering on the arts or connected with them: she likes plays and playgoers and players; she likes wine and food and travel; especially, she tells us, she likes balconies overhanging water. For all these likes, gaiety for her is always something sudden, something on the verge of peril.

> The ball on the eve of Waterloo must have been gay. Persephone was gay picking flowers. . . . A ball on the eve of a bloody battle, a young girl picking flowers before Hell opened in front of her.

As one reads of her great concern over the Dreyfus case one remembers that there was once, not so long ago, a world where vast numbers of people stayed awake at night in their concern over what they believed to be an injustice meted out to another human being; there were people who risked their lives and their fortunes for the sake of justice. One realizes that the individual then had an importance in civilization that has been lost in the War and the after-War disruptions and it will be long before the individual has such importance again.

Shanachie

G. B. Stern has written a sporting book, though there is little about actual sport in her pages. There are a few sporting books amongst the spring crop. The most sporting of all, indeed the most dashing and racy that has been published for many a long day, is undoubtedly Lord Dunsany's *Up in the Hills*. All good Irish writers have the art of the shanachie, of the man sitting by the fire telling high, windy stories as well as comparatively truthful parish history. This new book of his shows that Lord Dunsany has as much of that art as has James Stephens or has had the later George Moore. And this is a new development in this writer and shows that he has achieved the most important thing for a writer over forty — self-renewal.

Dunsany began by writing an invented mythology that seemed to be a real mythology, *The Gods of Pegana;* then he wrote richly imaginative plays; then narratives that had fantasy and poetry; for like all really interesting writers — like, for example, the philosopher with whose novel this article opens — he is fundamentally a poet. *Up in the Hills* is a union of fantasy, poetry, and normal life that surprises, thrills, and entertains us. The writer puts before us an Irish village at the dramatic moment when the British forces have marched away and the British Government has withdrawn after centuries of domination and the new Free State has not yet taken hold. All sorts of sporting things happen, the chief of them being the private war that Mickey Connor wages so exhilaratingly in the hills. Lord Dunsany understands that fighting in Ireland is a kind of sport and that the ethics of the countryside are sporting ethics; he makes the men, young and old, the women and girls gallant sportsmen. And taking life on this level he writes a racy and authentic version of Irish village life.

One would have to know Irish people very well to understand Mickey Connor's attitude to Patsy Heffernan, against whom he is waging the private war, and why it was that the execution of Patsy by the Free State was "a blow over the heart" to Mickey and why it is possible to stop fighting between two armies to permit huntsmen to draw the coverts for a fox.

> "What are they doing?" said the Master to his huntsmen.
>
> "They're only having a battle, sir," came the answer.
>
> "Well, tell them to stop," said the Master. "We can't draw the covert with all that going on."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Ah, well," said Mickey. "Cease fire."

This is a very good novel in that special Irish genre, the sporting novel, albeit riding to hounds is the most minor of the episodes.

Stoicism and Eloquence

Lord Dunsany's description of this riding to hounds — the rattle of horses' hooves, the flash from brass buttons, the colorful coats — makes us realize how little heroic spectacle is left in the modern world and how much the world has lost through the lack of it. "Are you familiar with the mounted men?" So Archibald MacLeish begins his poem, *The German Girls*, from the volume called *Public Speech:*

> *Are you familiar with the mounted men —*
> *The cavalry lot with the hot leap at the fences:*
> *Smellers of horse-sweat: swingers of polished boots:*
> *Leather crotch to the breeches: brave looters:*
> *Lope over flowerbeds: wheel on the well-kept lawn.*

Because his fine *Conquistador* dealt with heroic exploits, we were ready to believe that

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Archibald MacLeish might be an heroic poet. But this new volume of his makes it clear that he is something else, too — something stoical. In heroism the emphasis is on the ardor and in stoicism on the endurance, and as one reads *Public Speech* one remembers that *Conquistador*, too, was like this book in that it celebrated endurances as well as ardors. However, it is his second quality, his stoical quality, that makes him so much a poet of this age. It is hard to stand up to this age with heroism alone, because, to quote from his *Speech to the Detractors:* "The heroes with the sword have vanished," and "the captains and the kings are dust," and "the best are eaten by the envy round them."

When Lawrence died the mouths were at his bier,
Fearing there might have lived
A man really noble: really superior —

Fearing that worth had lived and had been modest —
Men of envious minds
Ate with venom his new buried body.

In these "public speeches" he is bringing back into poetry in English that eloquence which made speeches in verse such pregnant things. For eloquence in English verse was never that tawdry and rhetorical thing that it became in French, which made Verlaine say in his *Art of Poetry*, "Take Eloquence and wring its neck." These are real speeches for our times, a real interpretation of, or, rather, a real admonition to, the age.

The loveliest poem in the collection is not one of those entitled "speeches"; it is *The Lost Speakers*. Beside it one can put *Treachery*, a poem which is entirely modern and has Greek form. Archibald MacLeish's technique but not his spirit can be and has been imitated. In the best of these new poems he seems to be starting on a new phase and casting aside those parts of his technique that were the most easily imitated.

Other Poets

A direct contrast with *Public Speech* is Theodore Maynard's *Man and Beast:* it is traditional where the other is modern; it is religious where the other is stoical; it is a poetry that comes out of private griefs and private broodings.

Can the heart live
Upon the wilted withered crust
Which the proud fling, the pious give
Kneeling in tears, having no more to give?
For lack of better fare it must.

A great deal of it is the poetry of exile and loneliness, a sort of poetry seldom written in America, though this is a country full of exiles and full of loneliness.

Transplanted, then
He is the most unhappy of all men,
Though memory keep
Its treasures safe in consciousness or sleep.

In these poems we are shown again that a poet can be poignant, can be pregnant in traditional modes.

The youngest of the three poets whose work is before me, Nathalia Crane, can write like this:

Desperate, they close their eyes to poesy —
The last defiance of a great desire.
Plato portrays, but his immortal town
Still lacks a hunchback and an eyeless bard —
Aesop in rags, and Homer's feelings hurt,
Damned by the data on an index card.
Perfection needs, whatever else is sent —
The beggar's fancy and the fool's content.

And it takes imaginative reach and surprising wit to write the like. Her *Swear by the Night* is a delightful and whimsical book, but her imaginative reach is yet far beyond her musical range. In poems where fineness of insight should be matched with fineness of music — the violin or the harp — we have something elementary often — the banjo. And yet, now and again, she can achieve real music:

Lean not upon the azure for a dream,
Forego the crutches of the moon and sun;
Too much of longing arms a lean neglect,
Fetters the fountain, leaves the dove undone.

In these lines there is a clearness and fineness of music that shows that, potentially, anyway, she has a complete poetic equipment.

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Why Hitler Lasts

by **ETHAN COLTON**

To argue whether Adolf Hitler should go on leading and ruling the German people is beside the point of these observations. They explain only why he is going on and may be expected to go on for a period to which it is sheer idleness now to hazard a limit. Certain hot partisans profess to believe he has set up a regime to last two thousand years. Some hearty haters, at a safe distance physically and remote enough for such a prophecy to be taken seriously, have had him on his last legs since some time in 1933. Many of the neighbors over the frontiers, scared into all-over goose-flesh, also would wishfully have it so, but they act on quite another hypothesis.

Meanwhile the factors in the German situation that make for its endurance far outnumber and outweigh those likely to induce any early breakup. Whether we like it or not, the German people weighing the good against the bad in the total Nazi regime, for an indefinite period, are putting up with harsh minority rule over all of life; with being told what to think, say, and print; with the enforcement of a racial dogma pressed to absurdity and inhuman consequences; and with other excesses that leave other civilized peoples shocked and wondering why these Germans take it.

First of all, to what or whom would the nation turn? Back to the imperial structure brought to disaster by the World War, whose Kaiser took flight for his personal safety? Few Germans can be found with the will to venture seriously on a rebuilding of that ruin.

Nor is there lure in the memory of the Republic so lately undone. It holds less attraction than the Empire of the Hohenzollerns. Whoever lost the war, the Republic is blamed for the peace. It survives in the mass German mind as the symbol of Versailles and the humiliations, hypocrisies, and crushing penalties there imposed. It is indelibly associated with lost territories, reparations, and the one-sided disarmament enforced to bring Germany down to helplessness and to keep her there. The middle class curses it for the inflation that swept away its entire economic base. The rural population reckons its failures in terms of the sea of debt in which it floundered or sank.

The makers and administrators of the Republic came to the end of their time leaving little evidence that they would ever be able to do better at their tasks. Walter Rathenau was a genuine republican, a personally disinterested idealist. As Foreign Minister, trying to fulfill the terms of the Treaty of Versailles he met assassination. He left this sorry estimate of the republic of his dreams:

> Deputies who know nothing about politics, economics, administration, or their interrelations cast

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their vote and elect ministers; one for me, one for you. Elected ministers, who were never destined for their job, set to work drafting laws of the land. The National Assembly passes them, public opinion nods its assent, and the country goes to the dogs. Upshot of all this humbug: business is not helped. It is all to no purpose. Inequality in ownership is in no way mitigated, rather it is aggravated. The intellectuals face impoverishment and drift down into the workingclass. Big owners are able to increase their holdings to a senseless extent. The best elements emigrate. The agile ones flee abroad with their capital. Decent and good-natured people have to pay for the deeds of the unscrupulous. The authority of the dilettante state vanishes when it comes to taxpaying just as it does in the matter of food distribution. Frauds are treated as a joke. Corruption is flourishing. The art of governing and lawmaking is no longer taken seriously.

The prevailing political and economic disorders of the Republic went on into moral sicknesses. These reflected themselves widely in lowered commercial integrity and civil corruption. They found expression in exaggerated sexuality to which the new authorities gave license. The plays, books, and pictures reeked with pornography. Inane and degenerate modernities were swamping the sound old German virtues. Despair seized upon multitudes. The sense of defeat and futility hung like a pall over the German soul. As Edgar Mowrer put it, the nation became "homesick for despotism." Recollections of the Republic on the whole, in so far from affording attraction, will impel further flight from it.

The Rebirth of Germany

To re-enforce what Hitler called the German people from is the appeal of that to which he called them. Since 1914 they had heard themselves called by much of the rest of the world the mad or yellow dogs of human society. This man came among them in their disillusionment and defeat to say: "Germans, wake up, you are not what they say. Look at your history. You are a great people — a very great people. Now get up off the ground. Straighten your backs. Push your chins into their faces. Together we will show the enemies and detractors what we are."

The effect has been like a raising of the dead. "Resurrection" is a word used often to describe this new German experience. Something like a slave psychology has been thrown off. The nation again stands erect. A people has recovered faith in itself. It has been restored to hope and beyond that to confidence and assurance — perhaps dangerously so. Whether dangerous or not, it has become bound to the man for a prized service to its inner life.

A wide popularity that tends to ripen into affection attaches to the person of Hitler. This is something apart from the blind adulation of not small numbers who acclaim him as a Messiah to the Germans. It survives and thrives in vigor after the shouting and tumult have subsided. Two years ago a mood like ecstasy prevailed. There was an atmospheric admixture of the Fourth of July, an old-fashioned political rally with torchlights, and a fervent religious revival meeting in the deep South. That phase has passed. A realistic government has the entire population well into tight harness. Every state harness rubs down to the raw in places. This one has some supergalling parts.

There is grumbling aplenty, if discreetly, but most of it passes curiously under or around Hitler. The fault is placed on this or that other official or on the storm troopers or the Party. Much demeaning wit is shot at the big colleagues, little at the chief. One story circulates that is about as near as the jokes get to the point of a thrust at him. It runs this way: The Führer confided to a friend his pleasure at the stubborn forelock that will not comb back. The other suggested freeing the newspapers for three days. That would bring a hair-raising result.

This confidence rests on large masses of simple folks. Here is a plain man who stays plain. He came out of their very kind. He knows them. There is something mystical in the relationship. When great issues are pending, the man goes away to the silence and beauty of his Berchtesgaden haunts to come back with clear policies and a bold sureness of his course and of himself. He speaks with an oracular authority that is accepted. The predictions of the outside world about German events must reckon on this basic source of strength.

The ways Hitler has led in certain directions greatly offend outsiders looking in, but they suit well his own people. If taken for political effect only, he would be accounted a good politician. As a case in point, the German people do not have the Anglo-Saxon trait of balking at stiff discipline. Rather they like being told what to do and seeing enough force

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present to make everybody do it. Before Hitler, public order was slipping badly. Street fights between rival armed partisan groups commonly occurred. One mother spoke for hosts of women in saying she wished foreigners, so solicitous about freedom for the Germans, could understand the comfort she felt in being able any day to take her child anywhere in the city with the knowledge there was no risk of walking into the zones of Communist, Socialist, or Nazi gunfire. The German nation will never be found reacting dangerously against order, not even when there is too much of it.

The New Army

A practically unanimous approval of the restoration of the Army to strength is of a piece with the same mentality. The reason lies more deeply than the will to be delivered from the fear of enemies. Nor does it spring from a thirst for war. The night, last May, when the Reichschancellor spoke on his foreign policies, the dense crowd around a loud-speaker set up outside the Kroll was markedly serious and restrained. It applauded only at the more highly significant points. The most instantaneous, general, and sustained applause followed the sentence, "I am not for war, and the German people is not for war." That one response was electric.

There goes along with a popular peaceful-mindedness liking for an army on a full conscription basis. That restores Germany to independence on a continent where no nation is safe unless she can guarantee her own security or have it guaranteed by others. To exist for seventeen years as a low-grade power on the sufferance of encircling nations armed to the teeth has been the very gall of bitterness to every real German. Nor was such fear an idle emotion. During the period of helplessness three invasions by force took place on the west frontier. One of these induced the woes of inflation that no grown German contemporary of it will ever forget or forgive. And on the eastern border the Reich lost two pieces of territory, beyond the demands of Versailles.

But beyond winning security on their own account the Germans want a militarily trained manhood. The army under a Prussian tutelage from 1865 became a domestic German institution. The very discipline to which each generation becomes subjected, in the minds of this people, has an intrinsically useful ministry. It is to be remarked too, that the Reichswehr (now Wehrmacht) avoids toward civilians display of the offensive qualities of the old Prussianism that came to be associated with the imperial army.

There is further ground for popular favor in the rise of the army to something like the old status in national life. While Germans accept and welcome control, they choose to have it exercised responsibly. Control by the self-appointed brown shirts proved much less than orderly. Bullying on a large scale in the early Nazi stage — and never wholly checked — worked internally for a somewhat uneasy state of resentment and fear. Few citizens outside the S. A. uniform are not glad to see that body decrease and the army returned to the place of real power in the Reich. Hitler's position, then, has been doubly strengthened by the exchange of authority — with the people on one hand and the magnified Army on the other.

Nazi Unity

Further down the back track, four other achievements have added staying power to Hitler. These either vested him with greater authority officially or heightened public confidence in him or accomplished both.

While he was yet storming his way to power, fear of the rising Nazi strength led the allied masters of reparations sitting in Lausanne to reduce their amount to a sum that for the first time had the semblance of being the work of realistic men. They acted on the solemn warning of von Papen that it was their last chance to deal with a moderate government in Germany. They acted, only much too late for their own peace and prestige. Germans properly credit Hitler with making good on his campaign

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slogan "no more reparations." He stopped the drain of more billions from the nation's economic arteries.

Hitler next dispelled the communist threat in Germany. Most Germans believe he saved them from a repetition of the Russian experience. It may be fairly doubted whether the Communists could have seized power at all. It is less likely that they could have held it if once gained. That they could have made a sanguinary attempt is certain. They were polling the largest party vote in Berlin. They consistently ranked third in Reichstag membership. They delivered six million votes against Hindenburg's presidential candidacy. The Führer treated them to their own violent tactics and shattered them organizationally. He left breathing easily on that score a population that in 1918 and 1919 had dealt with one red thrust for power at the cost of many thousands of lives.

The centralizing of the Reich administration, beyond extinguishing regional opposition, has received the nearly solid support of the nation. It brought to completion the unifying of the German states and statelets from the point to which Bismarck and the empire of his making had brought them. Rarely is a German met with who regards the act with anything but favor. Here is another case of the lodging of great power in a person or office not frightening the people really concerned. Instead there is engendered rather more loyalty and pride toward such a leader.

Again, Hitler took over a people heartsick with prolonged, mounting unemployment. He has brought the number of workless down from a peak of six millions to less than two millions. Military recruitments in the autumn and the enlargement of labor camps may nearly if not fully halve the residue. Numerous discounts are to be made from so flattering a showing. Since August the slack farm season and a recession in public works have added half a million to the idle roll, yet the fact of real achievement remains. Strains on the patience of the reemployed millions, their families and friends have been enormously lessened. For the nation as a whole, the sense of economic illness is materially relieved. The actual service performed does not lead the beneficiaries to move toward upsetting the man most responsible for their improved state.

In fact there is a whole-hearted side to this Nazi business that does not get externally exposed. Either the run of the journalistic fraternity does not see it, or it proves not to be news from the standpoint of their papers. The Party undeniably presents a thick, dense, porcupinish outer hide. The more habitually vocal leaders are given to barking out the brutalities of their cult. In this they are like the Bolshevik spokesmen, but, just as within the communist movement there is a throbbing central core of human concern, so it is in National Socialism. And the Führer himself is an exponent and an example of it when he is not dealing with enemies but with the people whose cause he genuinely feels and fights for — the humble, the poor, the peasants, and those who work with their hands for daily bread. The Winter Help, the Mother and Child program and the Frauenwerk tasks are monumentally large. They are performed impartially, with a personal, human touch, and work toward convincing the least privileged sections of the population that at heart this stern regime is on their side.

The objective is a national unity by fusing the classes in their common relationships, in contrast to the communist process of "liquidating" the proscribed classes. This is cutting the ground from under the class-war technicians. Employers and workers alike testify to a friendlier state among them in the industries. Progressively and not slowly, elements which once might have joined in a forceful attempt to oust the Reichsführer and his followers are being neutralized, where not fully won over. The workingclass rank and file, formerly under the Social Democratic and Communist banners, tend to become immunized against a more revolutionary fever.

Crumbling Opposition

Consider who will rise up to overthrow the Hitler power. The Jews with justified grievances have no chance of resorting to physical reprisal. The true intellectuals do not like the strait jackets into which they have been thrust, but they will not fight with the only weapons that for a long time to come can displace these militant Nazis. A like passivity marks the silent opposition of a considerable Junker, industrialist, and monarchical fringe. At a family table where sat a father of this

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description, his ardent Nazi son — a gifted young judge — said: "That kind are nice old gentlemen who will never go out to take what they want."

Another factor in this power account is that in the opposition groups just named the objectors believe that three fourths or more of Hitler's program are right and necessary for Germany. Even the numerous upstanding and impressive bodies of Protestants who resist Nazification of the Church (and who will continue to resist to the death if necessary) illustrate the point. One of their writers has lately put down in a vigorous answer to Rosenberg's German "*Mythus*":

> In questions of the practical National Socialist outlook, in the demand for a strong state under firm, unified leadership; in the esteem of labor of hand or brain, of the peasant and his land; for common use [of the national resources]; for the pure preservation of the race; and many other things, we are all in the same tent.

In the presence of Hitler strength within the very groups that dissent from features of the Party program, there is a cumulative exhibition of weakness in the institutions that might have been expected to resist successfully the Nazi invasion of their domains. Apart from the Churches, the steamroller has flattened about all of old organized Germany. The once formidable trade unions were closed out in a day. The great *Bunds* of industry and commerce followed into the limbo. The Stahlhelm of World War veterans meekly accepted subordination to the amateur storm troopers. The non-Nazi political parties went out in one-two-three order — Communist, Social Democratic, German National, and Center (Catholic). The women's clubs came under Nazi Party control almost with alacrity. Certain youth societies took more time about it, but they came shortly.

This phenomenon of old strongholds of society crumbling at a touch should arrest more attention in this time of change. Many of them are proving mere façade behind which reality has taken leave. The Social Democratic Party of Germany came to such a collapse. From the beginning of the Republic, it was master of Prussia. It had funds, a great press, the voting bulwark of organized skilled labor. Its first-line leader left the country at the approach of crisis. Severing, at the ministerial post responsible for authority and order, weakly yielded to the pre-Hitler pressure of the von Papen cabinet. Called upon to vacate his office, he declined to go except under force. Two soldiers and an officer promptly confronted him. They were enough to meet his requirement. A friend of all that Marxian socialists stood for has given the explanation of this meek folding up of a reputedly great front:

> German Social Democracy was eighty years old. Its leaders had become tired, bureaucratic, and comfortable.

It was no longer a vital movement and could not resist one that was dynamic.

The ancient German university student corps are not certain to survive for long the drive of Nazi youth. They resist dissolution more courageously than most other German social units did, but, if the present members succeed in holding out, they may not have successors. Their exclusive spirit and traditional activities do not appeal to the new generation being bred by National Socialism. They are menaced by death from attrition if they avoid suppression by force.

Hitler stands to win with youth, should the elders fail him. He found them as a "lost generation" and gave them hope and direction. They filled the ranks of his shock forces. One of them wrote the premier marching song, *High the Banner*. Innovation and boldness do not frighten them. They follow more zealously, the faster the tempo. The whole educational system of the Reich is set up to produce no other kind. It will not wholly succeed, yet the odds highly favor those in control of childhood being able to raise a line, to succeed themselves, which will not only accept and support the prevailing order but will make it its own and give it permanence. It does not take a hundred-percent success to do this. A minority alert, convinced, and knowing where to go will get the result. Hitler follows in this respect the winning technique of Lenin, as does Mussolini.

The Future

Corrosions in Nazidom are observable by all except the blind. They eat into the very pillars of political strength in a way that no personal popularity can wholly resist, nor safely ignore. Positions go to Party members, especially to the "first hundred thousand," with too little regard for competence. Corrup-

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tion and indulgences in spots are bitterly complained against. It certainly remains obscure how long the degree of Nazi regimentation enforced on society will sustain life that is creative. Always the human spirit has craved the breath of freedom and thrived best when liberty was enjoyed. Already the patronage of research in the German universities is materially weakened — in Germany of all lands.

It is doubtful, however, if the working of these negatives is rapid enough to be counted on for early decisive consequences. The cramming courses do not breed thinkers. In time some opposing group will rise up to outwit the stuffed brains and be their undoing. Meanwhile there will have been enough thinking done by the innovators and impetus given the disciples to carry both through a period sufficiently long to execute a material part of the program. The predicted collapses of these sudden revolutions of twentieth-century technique — Communist, Fascist — simply do not come to pass.

Emergent forces are not to be overlooked altogether. They are ever resident in areas of revolution. And here there is a not latent radicalism, capable of violence, that once let loose would fall not far short of Bolshevism. This element has leaders highly placed. They have been offensively vocal of late. Or a real break in Party discipline would gravely jeopardize Nazi power, if not that of Hitler. Few outsiders believe it would hold through such a crisis as the Führer's removal by death would precipitate. The army would be the most likely stabilizer in that case. Nor is expectation wholly absent that the army may step in to do some stabilizing in the absence of crisis, or be used to do it by the Chancellor himself. The play and interplay of factors of this description are, of course, highly speculative.

Besides, no revolutionary effort attains its utmost goal, or, if it does, there comes a partial recession. Hitler's revolution is running true to type. The Nazis battered their way to power on a platform of 25 points. Several of them are committed already to the Führer's keeping to be brought out "at his will." It is another way of saying the revolution is being adjusted to realities. It is in the history of most enduring revolutionary movements that impossibles were forgone in the more immediate interest of retaining power.

The outlook, then, is for a regime that can be taken for granted to operate along the present general lines indefinitely. Realistic people will deal with it accordingly. No boycott will end its life or even shorten it. The more pressure exerted by a ring of outside enemies, the more secure is Hitler. He won his people by giving them leadership against hostile foreign policies aimed at Germany after the War was over. They will sustain him at least so long as these persist. Paradoxically, then, mediation and friendliness promise to turn more Germans away from reliance on Hitler than hostility will do.

What gives added, even fearsome, power is the conversion of this natural and united resistance into something big and positive. The nation has become aroused to a fresh sense of mission. Once more Germans have a *Weltanschauung*. They are prepared to sacrifice materially for it. They are doing so now, seriously, but they are a long way from the state of economic distress they endured before they asked for an armistice in 1918.

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Can We Postpone Senility?

"Miracles" in Glands

by **HERMAN F. STRONGIN**

VITAL STATISTICS tell us that there are 7,000,000 people in the United States who are 65 years of age or over. In the group between 45 and 65 years old there are 21,000,000. A little arithmetic at this point sums up that there are 28,000,000 Americans alone who are facing old age.

Not everyone would like to live his life over again, but I don't believe you could find many persons of these twenty-eight millions who would refuse to accept the vigor, vitality, and whatever else they might recapture of youth if it were offered to them. For who wouldn't toss over the phrase, "grow old gracefully," for "grow old youthfully"?

Because in the last two decades rejuvenation methods, through gland therapy, have been much discussed in the lay press, "quack" rejuvenators and physicians, known to their fellow workers as "twilight-zone men" because they are scientific adventurers not too careful of facts, have capitalized on man's desire to regain youth. The layman, under the publicity campaigns such profiteering doctors conduct, has no choice. He is asked to believe, and he does. On the other hand, very little has been published on the *failure* of gland therapy to rejuvenate. With the press it is the old story of man-bites-dog is news, while dog-bites-man offers nothing sensational. "Woman of seventy regains youth" is headlined, while "Rejuvenation methods fail" lacks drama, and is therefore not featured.

Despite the fact that it is disappointing news, the story should be told, so men and women may know the facts before they part with big fees to the unscrupulous physician whose "business" is rejuvenation. These scientific adventurers have accused their conservative colleagues of jealousy in not accepting the new theories. The common-sense answer to this is that, if medical science knew of any *sure* method or *effective* drug to retard senility or restore youth to aging organs, every practitioner of the profession would embrace it joyfully. If he regarded the discovery from a materialistic point of view only, he could see that in the United States alone he had twenty-eight million patients to draw from.

NEW GLANDS FOR OLD

THE MOST widely publicized methods of rejuvenation are those exemplified by Voronoff and Steinach, whose efforts to prolong life deal primarily with glands. They tell us that these glands may be influenced to "rejuvenate," "reinvigorate," or "revitalize," human beings or, in other words, increase the platform of human efficiency to victims of Father Time. Let us remember that, despite these promises of adding years to life, for centuries man has castrated his domestic animals, even for improvement, yet no one has shown that their lives or those of castrated men are shortened; indeed, the eunuch is reported to be a long-lived individual.

To comprehend the method upon which they have based their theories, we must visualize a system or chain of glands called the endocrines, which are interlocking, one depending upon the other, a chain that is no stronger than its weakest link.

The endocrines with which we are particularly concerned here are the following: The pituitary, an oval-shaped body at the base of the brain, which functions primarily in growth and sexual development. The thyroid, not strictly a sex gland, lies in front and to either

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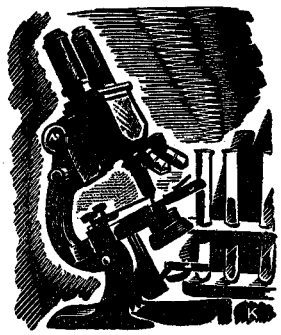
side of the windpipe. Its hormone has an indirect sexual function, besides influencing muscular and mental activity. The adrenals, just in front of and at the upper end of either kidney, influence the sympathetic nervous system, regulate blood pressure and muscular activity, accelerate repair processes, and increase resistance to infection and cold; they are also endowed with a complex relationship to the sex glands, the reproductive glands which function in procreation.

These glands, the most important of the endocrines, produce hormones. The hormones are chemical substances which activate other organs as they flow through the blood stream — an influence vital to the human mechanism. Through the hormones or internal secretions of these glands the interrelationship of the endocrine chain is established.



Research in the functioning of glands is nothing new. It has been going on for many years but in 1918 aroused public curiosity when Steinach, checking upon the work of two French scientists, Bouin and Ancel, announced that he was able to rejuvenate senile rats.

Briefly, Steinach's theory of rejuvenation emphasized stimulation of the interstitial tissue, which is located in the gonads (the sex glands) between the spermatogenic or oöphorogenic structures and connective tissue. Since Bouin and Ancel founded the theory that *interstitial* tissue is the source of gonadal hormone (a theory widely attacked and still vigorously debated), Steinach adopted this theory and believed that if he could provide more space in the sex glands for growth or hypertrophy of the interstitial cells, known as Leydig cells, these cells by compensatory action might possibly produce more of the internal gonadal secretion or sex hormone and thus supply the body with the spark of life necessary for rejuvenation — if the conception would be correct in practical scientific application.

Therefore, by utilizing animals and by operative intervention in the male (vasectomy — sterilization partial or complete) or by electrotherapy in the female (a later development), Steinach attempted to realize the validity of his theory, which if correct would cause atrophy of the procreative elements (male or female) and in turn allow for proliferation of the interstitial tissue and subsequent increase of the rejuvenating sex hormone.

Voronoff's work differs from Steinach's in that, instead of forcing an individual's own gonads to do the work of rejuvenating, he introduces into the body vigorous sex glands, obtained principally from the monkey or anthropoid ape.

The Skeptics Speak

The sensationalism of Voronoff's and Steinach's announced discoveries (one followed quickly on the other) captured the imagination of the press and won a public eager to believe it could grow old youthfully. It was equivalent to a "gold strike" to the charlatan and the twilight-zone man. Knowing that it is the essence of publicity to keep people talking about the subject you want to interest them in, they immediately set about getting favorable publicity. A mountain of ballyhoo was created out of a molehill of dubious clinical facts. The very candor of scientific medicine has aided the charlatan, because, where the scientific physician admits his inadequacy, the charlatan is most positive. But the honest research worker in medical science, schooled in the ways of careful observation and analysis, fortunately for the public is a doubting Thomas, who strides off to his laboratory in search of facts — nothing but sustained and unalterable facts.

He discovered that the reproductive gland is far from being the "dynamo" of the entire endocrine system, which can be no better explained than by the following facts revealed on post-mortem examinations: a bearded man who possessed all the female internal generative organs but no male sex glands, while a young woman, definitely feminine in every way, possessed not ovaries but male sex glands, containing many Leydig cells — the interstitial cells which are responsible for masculinity and male virility. These constitutional inadequacies, according to the most recent research, indicate that the pituitary gland, the "keystone of the endocrine arch," acting by remote control is more likely to be responsible for such abnormal sexual growth and development than

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any other gland, because atypical conditions in the reproductive tract are frequently associated with disorders originating in the pituitary.

Yet Steinachian exponents through their press agents ask you to believe that the interstitial cells found in sex glands are the *sole* source of male and female virility and youth, that senility is due to inactivity of these cells both in the male and in the female, that all that is necessary to regain youth is an operation,* X-ray, injection, or diathermy stimulation, and presto! the regenerated hormones in reactivated sex glands will begin to flow like sap in the spring!

Further research in this branch of medical science revealed that Steinach, his disciples, and others were deceived in the type of animal that they used in their experiments, that the magic hormones which were supposed to be locked up in the interstitial-cell ("puberty gland") portion of the sex glands were not magic, nor was there such a gland as the "puberty gland." Since a close partnership was supposed to exist between the pituitary gland and the puberty gland, that partnership had to be very promptly dissolved! With the reproductive cells in the aging organism withered beyond repair when science attempted to come to their rescue, there was no chance for rejuvenation here. Since there remained only the interstitial cells (puberty gland) to be stimulated, the whole theory of rejuvenation and reactivation, in so far as the puberty gland was concerned, collapsed! Since there is no tissue change, there is no puberty gland; since there is no puberty gland to stimulate, there can be no rejuvenation! Summarized by Carl R. Moore of the University of Chicago, in short:

> There is no available evidence that more hormone is secreted or that testis hormone has a rejuvenating effect on the organism.

It may be interesting to list the various statements made by prominent men in medical science, who, during the sixteen years which have elapsed since Steinach's announcement, have been engaged in checking his theories.

Dr. Oslund of the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine:

> Vasectomy (Steinach operation) on man from twelve days to four years has produced *no gonadal change*. Vasectomy therefore cannot be looked upon as a method of causing rejuvenescence.

Dr. Thorek, surgeon in chief of the American Hospital in Chicago:

> It must be admitted that time has not substantiated the claims made by Steinach. It has failed because this operation does not cause the hoped-for reactivation.

Dr. Retterer, professor and fellow of the Faculté de Médicine of Paris, writing in the *Journal d'Urologie:*

> Steinach's operation is unphysiological and opposed to the natural organic procedures. The operation will not renew the strength or stimulate the gonadal secretion.

C. R. Stockard, professor of anatomy at Cornell Medical School, reported in the bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine:

> The gonads serve primarily for reproduction, *not* in preservation . . . and do not tend to mobilize the entire endocrine system.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, world-famous scientist of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and Nobel Prize winner:

> Senescence is irreversible. . . . No senescent organism has ever been rejuvenated.

Dr. C. P. Snow of Cambridge University:

> The results of these attempts [rejuvenation] are very uncertain. It is difficult to exclude all sorts of possibilities which give an *illusion* of success. . . . The great difficulties of the study of rejuvenation will be the secret, sordid way in which it is being carried out, because there are prospects of wealth for anyone who can persuade London or Paris or New York that he can give them a few more years of youth. . . . If the process has no foundation whatever, yet the money may still roll in if it is made secret enough.

Journal of Organotherapy, July, 1930:

> Therapeutic efforts at rejuvenation are hopeless from the beginning. No method or drug has ever been found, and in all probability it will never be found, which will stay the slow, gradual tissue retrogression characteristic of old age.

THE SLENDER FACTUAL FOUNDATION

AN ARTICLE appeared in a 1929 issue of the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: — *The operation is simple; does not require any unusual technique; can be performed under local anesthesia by any qualified doctor in his office, observing ordinary aseptic precautions.*

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which described the work done by Popenoe on this matter. A questionnaire was sent to surgeons throughout the country who had operated on subjects who were apparently normal. They studied 65 people. This group was above the average in intelligence and social status. Forty-seven of this group reported they had experienced *no change;* 5 *thought* there was some mental improvement; 4 saw some bodily improvement; 9 *believed* they had improved in both mind and body. As to the *actual* result of a beneficial effect, no evidence was produced from this unbiased source of controlled clinical material. The majority in the group mentioned sought treatment primarily to be permanently sterilized, so that neither bias nor suggestion played an important role in their opinions about improved efficiency resulting from the treatment. The apotheosis of nonsense would seem to have been reached in the statement put forth recently by proponents of rejuvenation claiming "*less than two per cent failures.*" Such high-power publicity, divested of poetic license, lacking the color of innocent exaggeration, and parading under the aegis of the most outspoken spokesman of the self-styled supreme Steinachian disciple, must not be met with intransigence alone, but quite definitely calls for severe and relentless condemnation.

E. S. Gosney, head of the Human Betterment Foundation, a *nonprofit* corporation which has studied human material numbered in thousands (more than any other group in America), reports in May, 1934:

> Our investigation did not bring to light any evidence of a rejuvenating effect in vasectomy.

He admits that the subject is a controversial one, but adds:

> Our judgment is that specialists in this subject have more and more come to *doubt the reality of physiological rejuvenating action.* It is quite likely that there may be a *psychological effect due to suggestion.* The hypothesis on which Steinach based his operation, that hypertrophy of the interstitial tissue could be induced which would increase the amount of hormones in the system, seems to have suffered severely from investigations of the last five years.

Nothing is known regarding the usual needs of male sex hormone in a normal man or the quantity necessary for daily injection into castrated man to constitute a replacement dose. The *therapeutic* value of the hormone *cannot* be stated at present; yet rejuvenators have been treating people "successfully" for years with gland injections, although *not until late in 1935* did Ruzicka of Switzerland first synthesize a potent hormone, androsterone, and a stronger one, testosterone. Only at this late date has *experimental* medicine been enabled to put to the test the rejuvenation theories that came into prominence with the monkey- and goat-gland sensations over the Steinach operation and the Voronoff conception, which as we know have been shown to be wrong or unworkable. Little is known about the advantages of the new hormone or whether it will fortify man against the inroads of age by preserving physical and mental powers.

These youthifying fellows dislike the word "suggestion" and tell us that psychology goes so far and not further. And, further to substantiate their theories, the Steinachian disciples will tell you about renewed youth in guinea pigs, rats, dogs, and horses, pointing out that suggestion cannot play any part here, because animals cannot be psychologized. Yet the reaction in one species of laboratory animal is not readily duplicated in another, and it may be *still less likely* to occur in the human being. The reaction in the lower animals to the experimental endocrine secretions can only *suggest* what may be produced in the human being, and the effect of substitution products injected into human beings may be quite unlike their effect upon experimental animals — facts which are well known to the experimental biologist.

Moreover, it is common knowledge that Christian Science or faith cures have performed miracles which have bewildered us. And so the fact remains that suggestion and symbolization do play a very important part in medical therapy. This is nothing new. Even Doctor Voronoff admits:

> It is undeniably true that the entire organism may be influenced by its *psychic* condition.

Voronoff's work was summed up by Doctor Frank H. Lahey of Boston, in an address delivered at the International Medical Assembly of North America, on November 5, 1934, when he said:

> Widely publicized attempts of European surgeons in recent years to transplant monkey glands effectively to men have resulted in failure, because glandular tissue from animals would not survive when transplanted to human beings.

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This is a condition which may be influenced by a remote cousinship between ape and man.

The Progress of Quackery

The ethics of the medical profession hold that the scientific and safe approach to the announcement of a new cure to the public is that a group of men whose observations in the same or an allied field have won the respect of the profession should give the new discovery careful study. When corroborative testimonies have been produced from these different groups, the new cure is then announced to the public, in the manner of Jenner, Koch, Banting, Minot and Murphy, and Whipple. For every honest scientist knows how dangerous it is to record as fact observations of his own experimental or clinical experience, which at best has a limited field and is likely to be biased. All of the work done by the present group of gland-therapy rejuvenators is purely experimental; and, to add insult to injury, in place of animals they use human subjects who unwittingly pay big fees for the privilege and in the final analysis remain the goats.

If the rejuvenating visionary were convinced of the success of his methods, he would be willing and anxious to submit to the rigid code followed by every ethical scientific observer and reveal his human clinical findings to competent authority for investigation. This has *never* been done by any of those whose sole interest it is to promote rejuvenation therapy with assurances of prolonging human efficiency. Until they do, they must stop accusing the medical profession of retarding scientific progress or being ignorantly contemptuous of unwarranted hostility. If righteousness and a confirmed moral obligation to be honest bids us to be standpatters and conservative in a *truthful* therapeutic approach in dealing with the sick or those who think they are sick, then we must admit that the medical profession would rather stand condemned as being extremely conservative.

If misapprehensions have appeared about the word "rejuvenation," they have been brought about by the publicity that has erroneously constellated into stellar magnitude claims about a process which are not sustained by true facts. It is yet to be demonstrated that testis hormone (male sex hormone) in any way sharpens the mentality, prolongs life, aids digestion, makes hair grow, improves sleep, or imparts the host of other benefits it is alleged to bestow. Biochemical tests involving metabolism studies, urine analyses, blood chemistry, respiration, and the like have so far failed to reveal any consistent development attributable to the absence of this hormone. As a matter of fact, injections of hormone in sufficient concentration are actually *injurious* to male and female gonad tissue, alike, regardless of sexual specificity of the hormone. In short, the gonad hormones (male or female) are *not* gonadal stimulants, *nor is the product of any specific endocrine gland a stimulating agent for that gland per se*. Latterly, with the aid of press agents, attempts are being made to circumvent and dispel the odium attached to the word "rejuvenation" by substituting "reactivation," "revitalization," and "reinvigoration." The ultimate attainment is supposedly a cure-all for everything from *alopecia areata* (baldness) to ingrown toenails, by a simple change in nomenclature.

Another thorn to these scientific adventurers came from Europe, which is "supposed" to be more advanced intellectually than we are. Steinach and his disciples, when they tried to demonstrate the youth-restorative effects of vasectomy in men and X-ray treatment in women, had the Church to blame for intolerance, when it objected to interference with divine law. "Prudery," "Tennessee mentality," and professional jealousy are now offered as excuses for its nonacceptance in America.

The public is reached indirectly over the radio and by magazine and newspaper publication. The resulting fan mail for writers and friendly broadcasters (frequently psychologists) is answered in such a way as to attract the anxious ones to the "proper" place for treatment. Liaison also is established with the swanky *salon de beauté* on a split-fee basis for referring patients, since part of the rejuvenator's work is intimately bound up with that of the beautician.

In fact, efforts of the twilight-zone pseudo-scientist have been directed recently to women, who far outnumber men as victims of quackery, stressing as a *dernier ressort* the x-ray, diathermy stimulation, and gland-extract injections, for staving off senility. "Ten years ago X-ray treatment was given only to women who had passed the age of fifty," we were

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told recently by a lay writer in a popular women's magazine, because the rays, while "stimulating the interstitial cells, possess the unhappy property of *sterilizing the reproductive cells.*" This condition restricted the number of women who could be made the victims of adventurers in science. "Women of thirty," quoting further from this same writer, "worn out by hard work, illness, or nervous and mental strain, are successfully reactivated in both body and brain," because "great developments" have taken place in the last decade.

PLAUSIBLE — BUT DANGEROUS

WE CANNOT deny that such developments have occurred, *but we can most assuredly and emphatically assert that the inherent danger of sterilizing young women with x-rays exists today just as it did ten years ago!* Anecdote has no place in the proper reporting of careful, unbiased scientific observations!

Patients are not classified according to the different diseases that they have but according to the amount of money they possess. It is not "What have you got?" but "How much have you got?" The treatment is so standardized that, regardless of the type of disease with which patients are afflicted, it includes all comers as fit subjects for the rejuvenating electrical humbug. Among them are individuals of keen and astute mentality, who, in their different spheres, exercise the greatest caution in their daily activities, yet develop a myopia that makes them lose all sense of proportion in the presence of the health-reactivating charlatan. To him they pay luxury fees that put to shame those paid to reputable doctors who may pull them from the brink of the grave. This is in spite of the fact that the very treatment that the rejuvenator gives them can be obtained in any community and from any doctor in possession of a diathermy machine.

The most recent soporific heralded by protagonists for rejuvenation as the treatment technique *sans pareil* is the ultra-short-wave diathermy. Yet, so far as competent investigators have been able to determine, there is no demonstrable, selective thermal action in vivo nor specific biologic action that may be attributed to short-wave diathermy.

The usual method is to give from fifteen to thirty treatments on a flat-fee basis. The patient comes daily for diathermy (electrical) treatment, with electrodes applied to the pituitary, thyroid, or gonads for a period of from twenty to thirty minutes. The usual "course" of treatment runs for about a month. If you can't spend so much time or money, arrangements can always be made for less even though it is "not as efficacious." These fellows are most gracious and accommodating. Although their come-on agents suggest that you write to the rejuvenator if you live at a distance and cannot afford the journey, you will find when they answer that they never know of anyone near you who can treat you "properly."

You are impressed repeatedly in their publicity campaigns that there is no element of danger attached to the treatment (which is not true), that the methods used are painless, that the only sensation you experience is one of heat which helps supply the endocrine gland at fault with blood, as if the gland could thrive without blood!

They prescribe gland products which reach you through the mail C.O.D. Actually, the only thing that controls variation in the treatment is the amount of money that is paid. Those paying less seldom get the X-ray benefit because such treatment adds materially to the cost. Why? Only the rejuvenator knows.

They go even further and will have you believe that the "percentage of failure is low" and continue with the ludicrous statement that "even then no harm has been done." What could be better than that? The question that remains is how easily you come by your money. There is nothing lost but money if the treatment fails!

But is this true? Most emphatically no! The greatest tragedy for any woman in her declining years, is to have her hopes raised by exaggerated promises that emanate from the writings of those who publicize endocrine gland "discoveries," which prognosticate success in *ninety-eight per cent of the cases treated.* Then, after she has parted with her money, she finds that the magic supposedly invoked by the abracadabra aid of rejuvenation methods failed to reactivate any of her vital func-

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tions, which, it was promised, would increase "efficiency" and "comfort" and make for better enjoyment during the involutional period of life. These women often become the worst types of depressed introverts. Ashamed to tell anyone that they were foolish enough to undergo rejuvenation treatments and how they were victimized by the suave charlatan, whose assumed austerity they mistook for authority, they shrink within themselves and develop neuroses and psychoses that burden them for the rest of their lives. You will never read about the letters that these women send. They don't send any! This miserable, "silent army" of (disappointed) rejuvenates who it is claimed have entered into a "conspiracy of silence." Why silence? Their letters would far outnumber the "deluge" of letters from women, who, since they took the cure, "look ten or twenty years younger." With men the poignancy of disappointment is not as great. Simply the frustration of the gambler who has had his fling and lost.

Nor do you get the reports of those who have met a premature death as a result of interference with nature's processes by rejuvenation methods, which have been known to hasten exhaustion of the heart muscle and cause death. Recently, two very prominent persons died within a year after undergoing such treatment: one the director of a health institute; the other an international banker. While a cure-all may be effective, it may actually be harmful to a body which no longer has strength to resist mistreatment.

The Sane Attitude

What may the sensible layman do to get the lowdown on controversial health matters that arouse his interest and about which he is uninformed? The Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association is willing to advise the layman on all such subjects. The information so obtained is without cost and will assist him to distinguish relevant facts from unproved theories, harmless exaggeration from gross misrepresentation of a highly dangerous character, the advertising charlatan from the honest physician. The law and the ethical codes of the medical profession may undertake to protect the physician from the temptation and the patient from the danger to which they both would be exposed by advertising. Nevertheless, there *are* channels through which the unscrupulous charlatan may circumvent such restrictions.

Remember, although structure and function in man are integrated into a unit of amazing versatility, it still remains extremely doubtful whether transmutation by stimulation (as proposed by rejuvenators) will produce the results claimed, even with the wildest response that so versatile an organism as the human body might possibly make. Biological, structural, and functional limitations are expected, even when the millennium for supermen is reached. Rather be mindful of the genes with which you have been endowed at birth. They constitute the wheel of destiny to which we all are chained, the multifarious activities of these gland charlatans to the contrary notwithstanding.

The younger generation of today and generations of the future may rejoice in the prospects of a longer life and perhaps also a prolonged platform of human efficiency, not because the rejuvenator has aided in such a realization but rather because conservative men of science have reduced mortality in America one per cent a year in the last 30 years, by combatting disease in *early infancy and childhood* — as a result of which 600,000 more persons are now alive than would be if public health conditions of 1900 still existed.

Remember that senility may be a *state of mind* which makes some older at forty than others at sixty. You can continue to function as a vital human being by not deserting your ideals of youth and by keeping up your confidence in life, your hopes, imaginations, and curiosities. You need not be relegated to an armchair by the fireside or in the corner, if you will but acquire a hobby which you can ride with enthusiasm; keep your head up and your weight down; have a ready ear for nature's call in the summer and for recreation. In your heart, store enough sympathy, eager curiosity, hopefulness, and "childlike appetite for what next." Remove your inhibitions and you will free potentialities for more adequate and fuller expression in life. Contemporary manhood is quite definitely in need of, and sorely tried for, greater wisdom.

In a word, strive to keep "limber and loving and a little bit loony." *Si Deus vobiscum, quis contra nos.*

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A Defense of the Acquisitive Instinct

by **LUDWIG LEWISOHN**

If man belongs to that order of mammals known as primates, if, that is to say, he is an ape, he is at least never an entirely naked ape. We can go far, far beyond the contemporary primitive peoples to establish that pleasant and significant fact. The so-called Aurignac man who lived in central and western Europe at the end of the ice age, roughly some twenty thousand years ago, adorned the walls of his cave which was his home with brilliant paintings and sensitive drawings. He carved his spear shafts of reindeer horn into exquisite figures; he carved statuettes of men and women of horses' teeth and made small images of the horse of ivory. He painted and he carved so delightfully, in fact, that ethnologists are forced to suppose a long tradition of craftsmanship to account for his achievements. With his wife and children he sat in his handsomely painted cave; he had statues and ornaments and decorated utensils. He was clothed in all the symbolic vestitures of humanity, and we may be sure that he *owned* these things, whether his ownership inhered in his making of them or whether (since not all the Aurignac men would have been gifted artists) he had bartered for them the proceeds of his skill in snaring or his strength in hunting. So whether he made them to express himself or expressed himself vicariously through acquiring the objects that pleased him most, it is clear that the creativity which stamped him as human and the need to acquire and possess were wholly inseparable from each other.

We are already at the very core of this matter, which is almost the core of human life. Man desires to possess what he needs; his need of the thing desired is not diminished because he cannot make it but must acquire it; not being ever a naked savage or mere animal, he needs things not only starkly useful but symbolic through beauty of himself. Possession is not bleak and sterile exclusion of another from ownership. Property is of all things not what Proudhon foolishly called it, namely, theft. Property in its true and original sense and motivation is neither negative nor competitive; it is protection and warmth and security; it is adornment and reward, trophy and gift, image and altar, symbol of expression, dignity, worship. Nor is it fortuitous. The relation between the possessor and his possessions is profound and organic.

My friend and I each has a small collection that he prizes highly. Each of us feels that his interior is twice his home for the presence of these objects. My collection consists of antique sacramental objects of my ancestral religion; his consists of postimpressionist paintings. Were we two, by some eccentric decree, to be forced to exchange our collections, we should both be expropriated. For he sincerely thinks that I am a little foolish, and I know that his paintings literally cause me a slight nausea. In brief, the things that our acquisitive instinct has led us to acquire are more, far more than *things*. They are expression; they are poetry and confessions of faith; they are the necessary outer symbols of crucial inner facts.

If we pursue these simple facts vertically into the past and horizontally through all the lands of earth we shall come to the conclusion that without the acquisitive instinct — the desire to possess what we need — there would be no arts or crafts, no styles or cultures, neither pottery nor architecture, neither statues nor gardens, neither textiles nor toys. These things would simply never have been created, nor would man be man. Maker and acquirer, like composer and listener, like poet and reader, like actor and audience, are the two sides or aspects of the same human instinct and urge and need.

Consider the thousand curious and lovely

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objects in the antique shops along the Rue des Saints-Pères or those other thousands in the bazaars of Tunis. Each was shaped out of the need of the craftsman's soul to find that acquirer whom it would afford the joy of vicarious expression and symbolization. What is true of these apparently, but only apparently, useless things is true, of course, in a far higher degree of necessary things — of porcelain and silver utensil, carpet and curtain, table, chair, and bed, lamp and book, house and garden, temple and ancestral tomb. All these things must be acquired; few of them were "homemade" even in the Homeric age. And their acquisition springs originally from no brutal instinct of mere seizure; with them are integrated all the sanctities of human life: care of wife and child, the duties and delights of hospitality, co-operation with the living arts and crafts as well as with the comeliness and comfort of the community in which, whether village, town, or city, men have their dwelling.

The second powerful motive implicated with the acquisitive instinct is that of reward. This is the motive that has in this witless age been most absurdly misinterpreted. "What!" says the pseudoidealistic pseudocommunist (meanwhile getting all he can) — "What? You work for money?" And fewer people daily have had the sound sense to answer him: "Certainly, I work for money. For money is convertible into those rewards which are material only to the materialist, which are dead things only to him who has lost all contact with the processes and meanings of human life but which to the normal sane man living within the central tradition of all human civilization, East or West, are symbol as much as they are comfort, are social in their implication as well as individual in that they sustain workmanship and work, art and invention, in that, finally, they are symbols within a genuine hierarchy of *common* human worth. The creative spirit may well accept fame, even the hope of posthumous fame, as a portion of its reward. But it is to show little sympathy with human nature to seek to deprive the commoner kinds of human worth of the rewards of those symbolic things which are as garments to the body (far more than mere protection from sun and rain!) or as a temple to a group of worshipers (far more than four walls and a roof!). Yes, I work for money. For as much as I can honorably get, and the things into which I convert that money are living, breathing expressions of life and of my life, pregnant with both history and hope."

II

ONCE THOUGHT upon, these reflections are seen to be commonplace enough. Yet they are in fact rarely thought upon. The immense complexities of the contemporary order, both economic and social, have, like the gigantic weeds and vines of some monstrous jungle, wholly hidden from sight the soil out of which all life grows. The consciousness of men is oppressed by flagrantly conspicuous phenomena: by a small group of the excessively rich and by the masses of those whom it has become a habit to call the underprivileged. Out of the vision of that dramatic contrast foolish talk and fallacious doctrine continually proceed. Multimillionaires have lost the use of the acquisitive instinct precisely as gigantically obese people lose the normal use of their limbs; the underprivileged cannot let theirs function and thus often practice the fairly normal transmutation of frustration into spite and declare, at least through the sillier of their leaders, that the acquisitive instinct is the root of all evil and that men should live stripped and depersonalized lives, like cattle in stables or soldiers in barracks. And it is no comfort to any being with *human* instincts to be promised that ultimately the stables will be of marble and the common troughs of platinum. For even upon our present American scene sensitive people are disappointed at the uniformity of so many of the objects they are forced to buy, and they seek in various ways to find and acquire such objects as may have a personal relation to their tastes and temperaments.

The fallacy involved in this, as in so many of the other sharp and exorbitant antitheses of our time, is an extremely obvious one. It is best expressed in the old legal adage that no inference can be drawn against the use of a thing from its abuse. *De abusu in usum non est inferentia.* Out of this axiom of human life arises that further adage which teaches us that not only does the abuse of a thing teach us nothing concerning that thing's use but that it is in actual experience self-destructive.

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Nor are these axioms superimposed upon experience. They are an integral part of the experience of every human soul, and it would be farcical, were it not tragic, that many if not most of the maladjustments and brutalities in contemporary society spring from a disregard of permanent qualities of human experience. A cocktail before dinner at the end of a difficult day or a whisky and soda to relax tension before sleep are among the beneficent gifts of Providence. It is needless to say what happens when the cocktails or the whiskies are unduly multiplied.

The acquisition of objects, often at the sacrifice involved in all true choice, which shall express specific need and taste and character, creates civilization and sustains it. On the other hand I know a man so rich that all his original sensibilities are blunted. Acquisition has become to him a mere habit, from which he derives no pleasure. He tries to forget his possessions, because the thought of them tires him. Yet his agents continue to buy. He has four houses and no home and seeks refuge in hotel suites. He was grateful for an hour for the suggestion of a new interest and began to pursue it; but he had so lost the power of interest and attention and appreciation that he lapsed into his habit (quite analogous to a drunkard's), of acquiring the objects that symbolized the interest in question by the dozen, the hundredweight, and then promptly and not quite involuntarily forgot them (repressed the thought of them), in order not to add this burden to his others, and sought his usual refuge — the only one left him — in an uneasy vacuity and restlessness. The difference between this man's estate and that of stripped and blunted poverty is demonstrably smaller in its final and total effects than the difference between either's and the case of him who builds up within moderate limitations by the exercise of creative choices a material house of life which is in every detail and in its deferred totality a symbol of himself — of his sanctities and repudiations, his memories and hopes, his variation from his ancestors and fellows, his aspirations for his posterity.

The lesson is immemorial. It is unheeded. Yet it is as applicable to so-called modern conditions as it ever was. No complexity of economic detail has blunted the truth that the two brutal extremes of limitless multiplication of wealth and of the denial of the right to private property both end in misery and in the enslavement of the mind.

> Whoever loves the golden middle station is safe in his avoidance of the sordidness of crumbling roofs and using his good sense lacks too the hall that arouses envy.
>
> *Auream quisquis mediocritatem*
> *diligit . . . .*

Once every college boy knew the Horatian verses. He knows them no more. He "takes" sociology and economics. He "graduates" more often than not with either of two notions: that the unbridled competitive pursuit of wealth should continue or that we should all be expropriated both physically and intellectually and live in communist barracks. This is what he "knows." All that he doesn't know is the character of man and of human life itself, which is recorded in the classics of both literature and philosophy. So he deplores the acquisitive instinct. It has almost become a bad word. If he is a conservative he defends property which in the best and creative sense is not property at all; if he is a radical he inveighs against that true property (making in his folly no distinction) without which we should be even as the ants and the bees. In brief, since he does not know the classics, he does not know the classic facts about human life. Phrases confuse him. He cannot interpret experience. He seeks salvation in Utopian nightmares of either the "rightist" or the "leftist" variety. He flies from extreme to extreme, oblivious of the very existence of a center.

III

YET HUMAN life is built about a center. From that center all appetites and appetences radiate, and the various aspects or departments of human life are all like concentric circles revolving about the selfsame point. The human group, from the most primitive to the most complicatedly civilized, proposes to itself and accomplishes more or less well the same end — the mastery of its environment and the subjection of that environment to its own needs and uses. And these needs and uses differ from group to group.

All men needed containers to contain, first, water

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and, then, other liquids. So we find pottery to be inevitably among the early and universal work of man. But note that *no* two human groups, high or low in the scale of culture, ever made the same kind of pottery. By shape and decoration and general style we can mark epochs and define cultures. The clay of the potter comes of earth; the shape of the vessel comes from the soul. Were this not so, civilization would be and would always have been uniform all over the world. There would have been no variety of speech or art or architecture or faith or philosophy. Variety is far, far more than the spice of life. It is the essence of the life process itself. From uniformity to multiformity, from homogeneity to heterogeneity, hence from rigidness to flexibility is the road not only of organic but of cultural development.

But the human group which is talked about so much today is, after all, both psychologically and sociologically an abstraction about which all kinds of things can be loosely predicated. All groups, even the most primitive and the most like-minded, do consist of individual men and women. It is the *acts* of these men and women that create and constitute the group culture. The potter is one man; the basket weaver is one woman. Unquestionably this man or this woman used shape and decoration acceptable to the tribe and meaningful to it. Well, our potters and our weavers and our builders and our novelists do so still. They all work with accepted or at least acceptable symbols. For they must be understood and appreciated. But they are and remain individuals for all that. And so did the primitive potter and weaver; and each potter and each weaver introduced into the accepted shapes and patterns his individual variations; and one tribesman preferred gradually the shapes made by one potter, and one woman preferred the patterns woven by one weaver. Thus, in the train of such developments, what we call roughly "civilization" succeeded what we roughly call "barbarism."

In the bazaars of the Near East the process can still be witnessed. There is still a goldsmiths' alley in the *mousky* in Cairo. Here in two rows of open booths, each with his crude gold and small anvil and hammers, sit the goldsmiths. They mold the necklaces and bracelets and earrings and noserings and anklets of the Egyptian ladies. The general style of these objects is the style of traditional Arabic workmanship. But each goldsmith has his variation and his specialty and his customers to whom these variations and these specialties appeal, whose tastes and characters they express, to whom they are — among other and higher things — instruments of individuation. And individuation, the separation of individuals from the mere clotted tribal mass — that is the beginning of any humane civilization. And this process cannot be accomplished without an equal exercise of two fundamental and profoundly related instincts — the creative instinct and the acquisitive instinct.

We are back where we started. But we have need to be. All the barbaric neo-Utopias of this age, black or brown or red, have as their avowed object and if not as their avowed object as their practical aim — an aim carried out with every device of cruelty and terror — the destruction of individuation, the melting down of men into a mass of robots or warriors or ants. The proponents of these reactionary terrors do not verbally attack the creative instinct, though anyone competent to do so can observe its sudden and violent extinction in Germany, for instance, since 1933. They attack — especially the "leftist" reactionaries — the acquisitive instinct. And it is therefore high time to have observed, to have demonstrated that the acquisitive instinct is closely integrated with the creative instinct, that neither, in fact, can conceivably function without the other and that only from the reasonably free interaction of the two can civilization continue human and humanly interesting. Taste in the broadest sense — taste in art, religion, philosophy, mode of life — is the only means by which ninety-nine per cent of all men and women everywhere can express their individuation. Heresy of some sort and the exercise of the acquisitive instinct are the instruments of human individuation.

In a Utopia where none can believe what he likes and none can buy what he needs, where he can neither have an individual character nor express that character through the symbolic vestiture of his life — in such a Utopia men *may*, when it is perfected, lead lazy, well-fed lives. But, in such an eventuality, they will either lapse into idiocy or die of boredom.

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Pillars of Government

George W. Norris

by **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

THE MAN who sat across the desk from me swung in his seat and looked away, not fast enough, however, to hide the moisture in his eyes. For he is deeply emotional, as he is profoundly spiritual — and religious in the true sense. I had been making the most earnest and eloquent appeal to him of which I was capable, begging him to stay in public life. He only shook his head.

"Ask," I said, "a group of your friends to come together and advise you."

"What is the use?," he replied. "I know what they would say and I cannot do it."

Weeks later President Roosevelt declared to the assembled correspondents in the White House offices that the people of this man's State should insist on George W. Norris staying in the Senate of the United States as long as he lives. I do not recall a similar presidential appeal, or at least one as unreserved and enthusiastic, in all my years of journalism; yet, at this writing Senator Norris still refuses to let his name go before the Republican primary, with the result that his most enthusiastic backers declare that they will elect him, willing or unwilling, even if he stays out.

It is natural that Senator Norris should seek to retire and equally natural that the public should demand more service from him. He is in his seventy-fifth year. He has spent thirty-one years in Washington — they will be thirty-two by next fall — first serving four terms as Congressman and then four six-year terms as Senator. It is hardly to be wondered that, after all these years of unremitting labor, marked by few real vacations or sharp breaks in his official career, he should seek to spend his remaining years in rest and quiet, to control his own time for what is left of his life. More than that, he is deeply saddened by much of what he sees going on around him; his is the nature to be conscious of the futility of much that is happening even in the moment of a great achievement. So are all true idealists never without pain in their moments of happiness — pain because of the needless misery and suffering about them, the incredibly slow progress of justice and reform, the folly and stupidity of men set down in a most beautiful world. Then, like the Hungarian President Masaryk and other wise statesmen, George Norris is eager to retire with faculties unimpaired, with his mind as keen as ever, his zest for his work unabated. Yet — after thirty-two years in Washington, it is not so easy to cut oneself off from official life and retire to relative obscurity.

Not that glory and power have meant anything to him — as little as to any statesman I have ever seen. But he is conscious of the devotion of his friends and what he owes to them, and his gratitude toward the people of his own State he could not, I am sure, trust himself to put into words on any platform. They stood by him in days of evil as well as good repute; they have been loyalty itself in the face of the bitterest denunciation, the fiercest antagonism. They have never allowed themselves to be fooled about him very long. Nebraskans have known him for what he was and is, an utterly unselfish and devoted man never seeking to aggrandize himself and bent only upon serving them well. They recognize him rightly as one of themselves. He is more than that. He concentrates in himself the finest qualities of the average American. He is no great orator, no pretentious leader, no cocksure vendor of sovereign cure-alls for our ills. Indeed, it has been written of him that he is "a senator without a political formula." That is true, but even more so is the fact that he is a senator with the highest personal standards,

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a senator with a conscience, a senator who knows that his electorate sends him to Washington not to do blindly what it wishes but what his conscience and his principles tell him to do. This he knows because, as we shall see, on one historic occasion he received their direct assent to this guiding rule of his personal and political life.

MEMORIALS

FOUR GREAT monuments George W. Norris has builded to himself, in addition to many lesser ones, in addition to the example he has set of Spartan and high-minded virtue. Thereby he has once and for all given the lie to those who say that it is no longer any use to send good men to Congress; that the party machine is all-powerful and that if you do not stand in with it and thus win high committee assignments you can never get anywhere; that political independence in Congress is an impossible thing. Almost by himself George Norris brought about an amendment to the Constitution abolishing the lame-duck session of Congress and moving ahead the inauguration of the President from March to January. He simply stuck to the fight year in, year out, with that marvelous patience of his, until, after one defeat after another, he won his victory.

What this reform means we do not yet wholly realize; it will be brought forcibly to the public's attention when Mr. Roosevelt's first term ends in January, 1937, two months short of a full four-year term. Already it has toned up public life and speeded democracy, because the new Congress now meets in January and the old Congress no longer comes together in December to drag out its existence until March 4, with its defeated members concerned chiefly with finding easy berths for themselves in government jobs before their terms of office are up. The House of Representatives defeated this proposal again and again. Norris stuck to it undismayed, rightly certain of eventual victory.

Then there is Muscle Shoals. The naming of the great dam there for him was but simple justice. It has become the keystone of the great Tennessee Valley Authority experiment, which Mr. Roosevelt has dubbed the national yardstick for the measuring of electric-power rates throughout the country and which many people believe to be the most important and far-reaching of all Mr. Roosevelt's experiments in government. As to George W. Norris, R. L. Duffus has well written:

> Muscle Shoals has come to symbolize for him a philosophy of the proper relation between government and people. Behind his long fight for government ownership and control of the great Tennessee River plant is a belief that the power industry must necessarily be a monopoly — that it cannot effectively be anything else — and that the public welfare demands that it be publicly controlled.

Many others shared this view and aided him in his fight; the Progressive group in the Senate was wholeheartedly behind him. Yet I think it is not only the truth that, if at any time George Norris had lost heart or faith in the fight, it would have been in vain.

He, a Republican, antagonized three Republican presidents, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, on this issue — to be denounced times without number as a renegade Republican, yes as a socialist, communist, and anarchist. Epithets meant nothing to him in the face of his belief:

> A free people cannot permanently submit to the private monopoly of a necessity of life.

There you have in a nutshell the belief of so many who grew up like George Norris in a carefree age, when everybody believed in *laissez faire*, in the government's letting all private business alone — only to be brought up sharply to realize that with human greed what it is the government must step in to safeguard the interest of the masses, with no one able to say just how far this process shall go and where it shall stop. Norris has never stated where he thinks all this will lead. He knows one thing, however, that wherever there are underprivileged, wherever there are victims of injustice, wherever there are the underdogs of our social system, there he must take his stand — and he never asks the cost.

VICTORY SINGLE-HANDED

PERHAPS his third great monument is the most illuminating. For years he felt that the next great forward step to be taken to make our democracy more efficient, the more ready to meet the challenge of communism and Fascism, was to reorganize our State governments and take them out of politics. In 1922 he urged it. In 1929, when he also tried to leave the Senate, he wanted to run for the governor-

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ship of Nebraska in order to reorganize the State's government, do away with the bicameral legislature, and take the whole State government out of party politics. Apparently he forgot about it — but only apparently. That marvelous patience was not exhausted. Finally in 1934 he decided that it was time to act. He went home for the summer and, with $750, of which he contributed $500, and his own voice, he undertook to put through this radical, unprecedented reform, to upset the traditional two-house legislative system inherited from Great Britain and unchallenged, from Vermont's abandonment of the unicameral system after using it for forty or fifty years, to the day that Norris took the stump for it. At the age of seventy-three, without a machine behind him or any organization, with ninety-five per cent of the press of Nebraska against him and ninety-eight per cent of the politicians, he set up his banner for a two-month contest and asked the people of his State to hear his story and to pass upon his proposal.

Portrait by Karl S. Woerner

Senator Norris

Youth flocked to him in numbers. Of this encouraging response he said:

> I had at the end of my campaign the finest and most enthusiastic machine I ever saw — all unpaid workers, mostly young men and women, and I carried the State by a majority of 92,934, 286,086 voting for the amendment of the Constitution and 193,152 against.

Nebraska now has one house or soon will have, with a membership not to exceed thirty-two, upon whom the white light of publicity can be directly focused. Members are, moreover, elected not as Democrats or Republicans but without party designation — there never has been any sound reason why national politics should dominate the political life of the States, although the politicians insist that if they cannot have strong State machines they cannot have strong national ones. This does not weaken the democratic principle, for the people will still choose their representatives, and there will be enough of them to legislate far more intelligently and honestly, without the domination of party leaders and bosses who regard every piece of legislation from the point of view of the good or the harm it will do to the two great parties. This change should eliminate endless graft, save an enormous amount of wasted time and motion, as well as much money, and end bickering and bartering between two Houses with the inevitable and undesirable compromising which invariably results from it.

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Senator Norris wrote me just after his great victory:

> I have reached the conclusion that this question is really one that has only one side and I do not believe any honest student of government can study the question without coming to the same conclusion.

Already in a dozen other States movements are under way to follow suit. It is quite possible, if the Nebraskan experiment succeeds, that history will credit George W. Norris with having, all by himself, brought about one of the greatest advances in the history of government in the United States — the removal of State governments from national party politics. At least he has made students everywhere face the fact that the two-house legislature was adopted in the United States for two reasons only — because of the example of Great Britain and the belief in certain American States that there were still, as in the colonies, two distinct classes, the landed proprietors and the common people, and that the assembly in each State was needed to provide a large house fully representative of the common people.

"DISGRACE"

THE FOURTH great monument George W. Norris has created to himself is not as tangible in its results as the other three. No great work of masonry and cement will commemorate it. It will not find its expression in any great change in governmental structure. Yet to my mind it stands out as the greatest, the most dramatic, and most heroic of George W. Norris' services. I refer to his attitude during the days leading up to our entry into the World War and thereafter. He was one of the "willful twelve" (really eleven) members of the Senate who by a daring filibuster defeated the armed-ship legislation asked for by President Wilson at the end of February, 1917. Denounced by the President because they refused to obey his will, the storm of abuse and vilification which burst over them is almost without parallel in American history. Besides Norris, that roll of honor includes the names of Stone of Missouri, O'Gorman of New York, Kirby of Arkansas, Lane of Oregon, Vardaman of Mississippi, Cummins of Iowa, Gronna of North Dakota, Clapp of Minnesota, Works of California, and LaFollette of Wisconsin. President Wilson wrote:

> A little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great government of the United States helpless and contemptible.

The yelping pack of deluded and half-crazed editors of the press followed the President's lead. Overnight these men were traitors and anathema.

What was their offense? Simply that they did represent their own opinions. They took the oath to perform honestly and conscientiously the duties of their office. Foremost among those duties was that of voting on each measure laid before the Senate according to their consciences and best judgments as to what was best for their country. An arrogant, determined President flared out against them when they defeated his will by means of a filibuster which they would never have undertaken without being aware of what it would cost them to do so and without being certain that the gravity of the issue compelled them to resort to this political stratagem. When he used all his power to strike at them in an hour of national hysteria, President Wilson abused that power and established a most dangerous precedent for other presidents to follow, although it may be a life and death matter for Congress or a part of it to exert its will — especially in this very matter of war and peace.

The willful men won — yet lost. Several died soon, of broken hearts; others were driven out of public life with contumely; but their States are beginning to erect monuments to them today. One to Stone has been unveiled by the son of Champ Clark; another to LaFollette, once hanged in effigy a dozen times, is in the Capitol in Washington. And the latest historian of these bitter days of defeat for the American people, Walter Millis, has written of the group in his *Road to War:*

> On the whole their impulse seems a notable and honorable one.

VINDICATION

BUT AT THAT time there was none so poor to do them honor. The opened floodgates of vituperation overwhelmed them and swept them along with almost no power to resist. George W. Norris was not beaten, however. He had done his duty as he saw it. He had functioned as a Senator should who puts conscience above safety and selfish considerations. He was ready to answer to any and all who had the right to question and cross-examine. But

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here he shall tell his own story as he wrote it in a letter of December 21, 1927. Calls had come to him from the press of his State and all sorts of organizations demanding that he resign. The Nebraska Legislature was in session, so he wrote to the Governor that he had always believed in the recall; that he recognized that the people of the State had a right to have, if they wished, a Senator who would vote their convictions. He declared that he would "under no circumstances have voted for this bill even if every voter in the State had demanded it" and that he would be glad to have the Legislature devise a means for a recall election and that he would abide by the result. The Governor refused to act, but he gave wide publicity to Norris's letter and to his own. Thereupon, Norris wrote:

> I decided to go back to Nebraska and debate the question before the people. . . . I got into Lincoln on a Sunday morning. The meeting was to be Monday night. . . . I reached the conclusion during the day that I was to be ostracized even by the newspaper correspondents. As a general thing, the few people who called on me and who were friendly advised and urged me to get out of town. I was told quietly that the meeting would be broken up; that I would be mobbed. . . . It was to me a day of terrible suspense. As I look back over my life, I cannot remember a single day when I suffered more from a lonely feeling of despondency than I did upon that particular Sunday. . . . Long before it was time for the hall to open, the street in front of it was crowded with people. . . . At the appointed time I walked out from one of the wings onto the stage. I was met at first with absolute silence, but I had not proceeded far until I knew that the common sense of the Nebraska people represented at that meeting was awake to the situation and that they realized the truth had not been told them by the press. The first sentence I uttered was that I intended to tell them the truth about the difficulty and that it would be something they had not been able to get from the newspapers. That was when the audience broke loose. That is when the people stood on their feet and yelled. . . . I realized that if there had been an organized bunch of fellows scattered through that audience, intending to break up the meeting, instead of my being the victim of the mob, it would be those who were trying to prevent me from making my defense. The audience was composed of many members of the Legislature and people who had come to Lincoln from as far as a hundred and a hundred and fifty miles distant. . . . In that hour I felt repaid for all the turmoil, the agony, and the suffering that I had endured and I would be willing to go through it all again for a vindication such as I received on that occasion. . . . My experience was the same, however, in every meeting that I addressed while I was in the State.

There you have George W. Norris. This is the man whom the Republicans six years ago tried to defeat for re-election by running against him an obscure grocer of the same name. The trick was exposed in time, and the Republican leader responsible has just served a six months' jail sentence and paid a $500 fine. The bogus George W. Norris has similarly been found guilty. No expression of regret ever came from Mr. Hoover, but he, like Woodrow Wilson, is unforgiving of those who question his greatness and his infallibility. Indeed, Mr. Norris' refusal to "stay on the reservation" has vexed many besides the recent Republican presidents. He never was a Party man. In the House of Representatives he was of those who fought successfully to deprive Speaker Cannon of his czarlike powers over the House.

Had George Norris used the methods of others to boom himself he would, of course, be far better known and appreciated. Instead he happens to be a modest and unpretentious man, concerned not with publicity but with his job. The politicians do not know how to deal with one who tells you that he does not care if he is re-elected or not; whose patience and persistence are so appallingly certain to achieve their aims; who wants to take every office out of politics; whose every day consists of endless labor at his tasks. Often he is deeply depressed because he cannot accomplish all that he seeks to achieve or is asked to do. Sometimes he walks the streets most of the night in despair. Once he wrote me:

> The Progressive group is too small for the work which is crowded upon it. . . . Others take vacations — go away for a few days — rest up. I am not able to do that. I am here, and the work goes on day and night. I have almost reached the point of explosion.

But the explosion never comes. It is the continuing battle, I believe, which saves him. He must go into action when the bugle blows.

Fortunate man to be so trusted and loved by innumerable friends all over the United States! Fortunate United States to have one such public servant, such a patriot, within its confines!

Next month: Representative Maverick

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Back to Vermont

by **SINCLAIR LEWIS**

THIS REASONABLE and wholesome plan for finding a place in which one could be content to dwell does, I admit, start with rather a lot of If's, but then so do all plans for World Peace, Happy Marriage, and the Perfect Diet. *If* I could afford it — *if* self and family could instantly be transported from one country to another without the tedium of journeying — *if* one could be rid of the headache of packing and unpacking — and *if* there weren't quite so many different interesting kinds of income taxes — then it would all be simple.

From October 15 to January 1 I would live in New York, and for two reasons: it is the most exciting, idea-jammed, high-colored city in the world, except perhaps Moscow, and I speak its language, at least some of its languages, better than I do the Muscovite. Second, on the blessed annual New Year's Day when I escaped from its bibulous hysteria, any place in the world, any place at all, even Addis Ababa, would seem enchantingly restful.

Bermuda, then, till the middle of February, and a pink cottage and golden sands and quiet driving on white roads and even — if not too large a proportion of New York has also simultaneously escaped to Bermuda — a fair amount of work. Till April, in California, but not near Los Angeles, no; rather in the Monterey Peninsula, with its memories of Robert Louis Stevenson, Herbert Hoover, Jack London, Aimee McPherson, and suchlike romantics; where the witch cypresses breathe to the open Pacific and the polo players breathe to the Del Monte bartender.

The stratospheric transfer is most needed now; from California to catch April in Venice, the one city that, despite motorboats, tables d'hôte, and American papers in the kiosks, is as magic in daily experience as ever it was on canvas. All sound travel writers remark of the Grand Canyon and Venice, "Who could ever find words to describe their wonders?" — after which they find a lot of words and often very good ones, to describe the same. I'm not sure whether I prefer sitting on Point Lobos, Carmel, looking out to Japan across the bewitched and mocking rocks, or sitting in Venice's Piazza San Marco, looking up to the cathedral across a mixed vermouth.

England, then, for May — half the time in London and half in any of twenty skylark-lilting counties: Devon or Kent or Sussex or Norfolk, where I have just been ambling along the Broads in a Buxom wherry so well trained that without a touch of the tiller it stops at every riverside pub.

Oh, I am willing to be broad-minded; I am willing to change the schedule so that it shall be Venice or England in any month of the year except from mid-November to mid-March. And I can be tempted to Paris, Stockholm, Capri, Florence, the Good Hope Ranch in Jamaica, or Trinidad, in place of the amiable spots listed; and I'd like again to have an autumn in Minnesota, when the prairie chickens, what few are left, are out in the pale-gold stubble.

But, with all this flightiness, this conceivable change, I must — and as a matter of fact mostly do — have from the first of June to the middle of October on my farm in Vermont.

II

SOME SEVEN YEARS ago, my wife and I went there, without prejudice. We had lived a good deal abroad; we came back to America with only the unrigid notion that we should like a farm somewhere not too far from the New York where, by chance, lived most of our friends. We knew practically no one in Vermont; had no past ties to it — not till we had seen those friendly, shy-colored, serene hills, when instantly we seemed to have ties past, present, and future. Here was a place of peace, yet not the cloying peace of an Italian vale

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but the peace of clear, cool air and an easy vigor without nerves. Since then, without permission, we have added New Hampshire and the Berkshire Hills, on the New York side of the border as well as in Massachusetts, to that kingdom of the hills where sheep still graze on little trails among scrub maple and lichen-patterned rocks and people still have time to sit on the porches of country stores and milk comes out of cows, not out of cans. . . . Usually!

We had found, on our quest for land — that so-ancient quest which America forgot for a generation but has taken up again hungrily these last ten years — other contemplative valleys and hillsides in Connecticut and Massachusetts, but the prices were too high then, in 1928. (They have dropped incredibly since.)

I refer you to Mrs. Fisher and Kit Morley and old Rowland E. Robinson for more detailed raving about the charms of our Vermont. . . . Of secret streams, clear and tiny, slipping under an old stone wall, through an old upland pasture gone to seed and in August a lovely tawniness, through a birch grove — the Grecian shrines must have been like that when they were new and really inhabited by the divinity that has died with the dying stone — and at last, among the needles in a solemn wood of spruce and hemlock, whispering in a tiny waterfall. . . . Of the mountains (not, like the Rockies, so vast as to terrify) when at twilight they begin to grow. I want, rather, to give details in a thoroughly realtor fashion. (No, I have no land to sell and, thank heaven, I don't need to buy any, either!)

For most people who come from west of Buffalo or south of Washington, Vermont is doubtless too far away for a vacation home. Even for a New Yorker, all save the southern part of it is too far away for anyone who wants to spend all but his week ends in that interesting city whose symbol is a steel riveter, rampant. My farm is three hundred miles from New York; a brisk eight-hour drive: railroad connections abominable.

But for a writer, a teacher, a retired man of affairs, anyone who can take a two-month vacation, the place was appointed by the divine powers, and the only reason that I haven't gone into the Vermont real-estate business is that I have been somewhat occupied of late with sundry other forms of missionary labor.

For fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars, part down, you would, if you poked about long enough, find a hundred-acre farm with a solid old farmhouse of eight or ten rooms. It might have running water; it would not have a bathroom, electric lights, or a telephone. There would be one or two magnificently timbered old barns; one of them would make such a studio or minstrels' hall as to draw tears from Christopher Wren. It would be two thirds of the way up a mountainside, protected from too shrewd a wind but looking ten or twenty miles down a valley between hills checkered with pastures among small forests of pine, maple, and poplar. With luck, it would have a trout stream. There would be one or two or three miles of dirt road, narrow, crooked, very decent in summer, foul in early spring and late autumn. Five or ten miles away would be a village almost as gracious as Litchfield or Sharon. You can spend thirty dollars on modern improvements — i.e., fifteen for kerosene lamps and fifteen for a fine tin tank to bathe in — and have a stoutly comfortable place, an authentic home, for the rest of your life.

Your neighbors will be varied. Within a few miles of me, these past few years, have lived such slightly unco-ordinated persons as George and Gilbert Seldes; Alexander Woollcott; Dr. Leo Wolman; Lynn Montross; Richard Billings, the great railroader; Fred Rothermell; Louis Adamic; and a gentleman named Calvin Coolidge. But, except at Dorset and Manchester, you will find no roar and flood of summerites. And as to the natives —

They are a complicated, reticent, slyly humorous lot, and I doubt if any place in the world will you find a citizenry which so strictly minds its own business. If you come to know them but slowly or not at all, on the other hand, they do not snoop; they do not pry; they have the reserve and self-respect of an ancient race that feels too secure to be more than just vaguely amused by the eccentricities of outlanders. Of a millionaire New Yorker, a Rodin, or a George Bernard Shaw, a Vermont farmer would stoutly say, "He ain't my kind of folks, but guess he's just as good as anybody else, long's he don't interfere with me."

It is a cool land, with ever-changing skies, this Vermont. For me it is peace and work and home.

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America

Return and Advance

I

Go back, go back, Poet
Back to the russet shadows of the dawn
Others have gone

Before
Along the misty banks of the earlier shore.

Follow
By hill and hollow

Even to the starry glades
That were the promise of the previous night shades.

Find in the blackest night
The substance that produced the purest light

And in the early gold
The story of the sunset still untold.

II

Compact
The past and future in the present act.

Plough
Before and after in the instant now.

The *Ideal*
Only the truest way of being real.

Romance
Constant companion of the day's mischance.

Find in the reasoning behind the tomb
What is at least as pregnant as the womb

And in the prudence of the dying hour
Unutterable power.

III

Fire
But the bright consecration of desire

Air
But the fair road to an equipage noble and rare

Green earth
As capable of giving heaven birth

Christ
The way the wan world is imparadised

The body that has to the inferno given —
As wished of heaven

The snow:
What melted that the cherry bloom might glow

And in the cherry blossom
Recognize the universe in microcosm.

IV

It is the days and the years and the ages that have gone
Hold the way to go on

The halt and the fall and the cry and the turn for their sake
The lantern in our wake

The stones and the wind and the rain that give the power
And then the flower

It is the East that points the pathway to the West
After night —
and rest.

Ross Edwards Pierce

Chapala Moon
(Mexico)

The moon is on us again,
And our fibres are alive with light
Like the gleaming of leaves along walls among vines,
And the shadows of men in this moon at midnight
Become soft-footed animals treading the stones,
And there is a silvery isolation in our bones:
There is an obsidian blade that bereaves
Us of blood, under the shifting of the shade of long leaves.

Witter Bynner

The Conquest of Mexico

I found you, Mexico,
Going the way of the rest of the world, —
With tram-bells and motor-horns drowning your own noises,
Drowning the song of a pumpkin-seed vendor,
The vehement cries of an apron-waving wife,
The drunken guitars in a pulque-parlor,
The house-door larks and mocking-birds
And even the shrill tally of policemen's whistles.
I wondered, Mexico.
Are you to be only a whir of machinery hoarser
Than mortal quarrel? —
A squeal of civilization more blatant
Than a pig being carried on a peon's back?

I found you in the old plaza at Atlixco;
But the trees on one side of it were dying
Like the eyes of factory-workers at Metepec;
And the chapel on the hill of San Miguel,
Seemed a little tired of telling Popocatepetl
To build likewise a church on its peak;
And the band that practised all day on the cobbles
Was playing gringo jazz.

I found you gathered into a garden at Guadalajara
By a dealer in antiques:
A low door leading through an old adobe wall
To a tangle of fig-trees, pepper-trees, plumbago,
And to a little cool house
Wide open toward the garden with its high-tippling fountain.
I found cane-seated chairs there with painted backs,
Old Spanish chests and mirrors and tables,
Fragments of gray cloth with faint beaded edges,
Tonola water-jars of brilliant brush-work
And, watchful on the wall in his cowl a dead saint —
And, watchful, half-naked in the garden, a live Indian.

Witter Bynner

I Have Lived Richly

I have lived richly, I have lived long;
Furnished my hut with thoughts and a song,
With laughter and grieving, and love without end,
The kiss of a lover, the clasp of a friend.

Now I shall go with the winds in their going;
Now I shall follow the wide waters' flowing.
Nothing is ready, nothing is done;
My days are not measured by system or sun.

With leisure to squander, and treasure to waste,
There is no need to labour, and no need to haste.
Only the work that is joy to the soul,
Only the freedom of boundless control;

Life in its fullness is sweeping me on,
Why should I wait with a life that is gone?

Ada Alden

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OUR ROSTRUM

(Continued from page 196)

DISAPPOINTED

To the Editor:

"What Religion Means to Me," by Nilla Cram Cook, is somewhat disappointing. After a careful reading the residue seems to be not more than the conscientious devotion of a person to some sort of hobby.

The author's background was that of culture; she is educated, well informed, and widely traveled. But she had no home, a transcontinental shuttle between divorced parents, who did not seem to have the Christian ideal, and therefore her writing is not on the high plane of one with more fortunate and careful attention.

Her ideas of God are decidedly vague; in fact, her religion seems not to have God at the center of her devotion, except in a very general way — and that with the pagan lack of restraint on the one hand and the most rigid and even cruel asceticism on the other.

And yet without a doubt the author does tell clearly and attractively just what religion does mean to her. It is a pity that the meaning is so limited.

W. A. TYSON, D.D.
Pastor
First Methodist Episcopal Church,
South Lagrange, Ga.

A CORRECTION

Padraic Colum sends us a note from Ellen Marie Jenkins, of Long Beach, New York, which reads:

May I call attention to two mistakes in Padraic Colum's "Assonance in English Verse" [December FORUM]? He says that *love* and *rove* are rhymes; they are not, for the *o* sounds are entirely different, *o* in *love* being *o* pronounced as *u* in *cup* and *o* in *rove* being pronounced as *o* in *no*. He further says that *love* and *lore* are assonances; they are not, for the *o* sounds are entirely different, as in *love* and *rove*.

Says Mr. Colum:

Miss Jensen is quite right on both points: *love* and *rove* are not precisely rhymes; poets, however, have used them as rhymes, and I considered them in their usage. One recalls easily —

We'll go no more a-roving
Beneath the light of the moon,
Though nights are still as loving. . . .

Love and *lore* is a mistake. I had intended to write *love* and *lure*.

THE RIGHT TO DIE

To the Editor:

To one who under the New York statutes has been charged with the legal execution of over one hundred fifty human beings, as an adjunct to his office, the question of legal euthanasia presents a matter of grave consequence and vitality. The countenancing of legal execution by

Harrison Poetry

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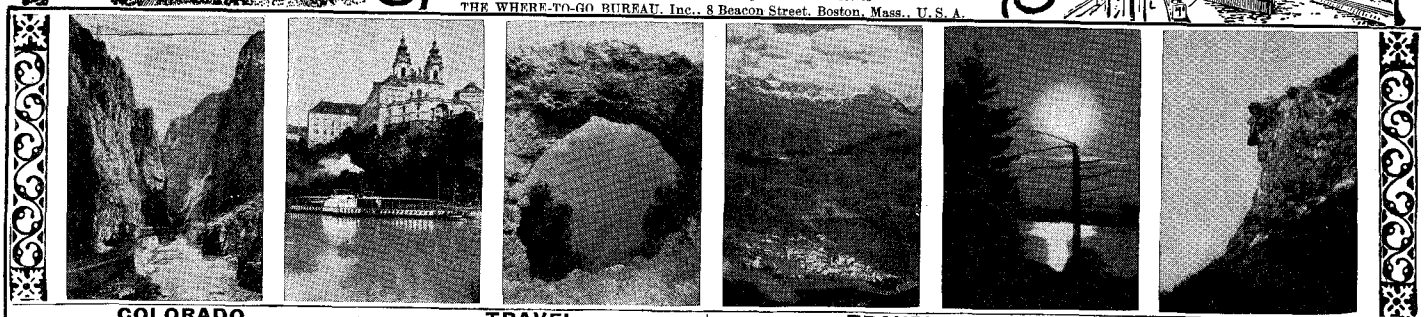

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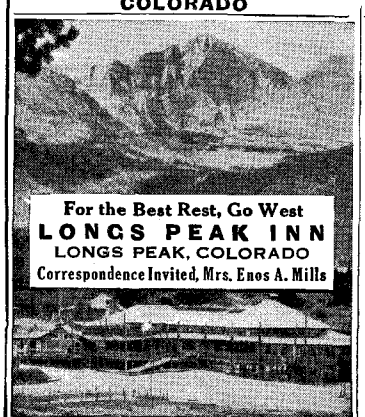

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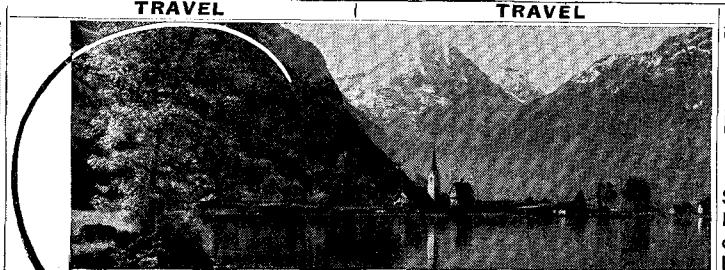

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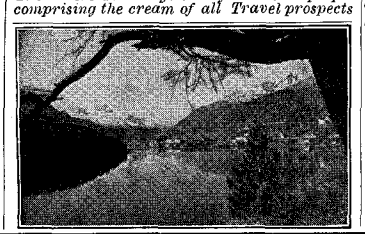

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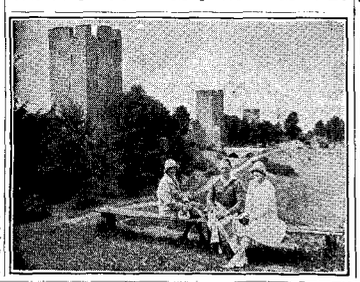

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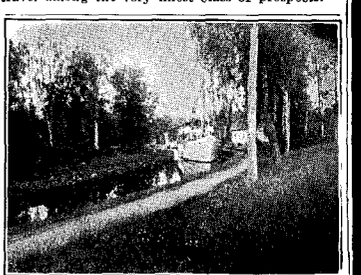

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Our Rostrum

ociety today is predicated upon the theoetical infallibility of our trial system oupled with the safeguards of review by igher courts. Viewing euthanasia from he same perspective, it is also predicated pon the infallibility of some individual or roup. . . .

It has been my experience to become ognizant of a number of errors made by ociety as represented by its legal auhorities in the condemning to death of ertain individuals despite the many hecks and safeguards afforded by our aws. Now, if in still another field this lecision is left to a human agency — and here may be a great many sufferers who elieve euthanasia more desirable than he continuation of life through intense uffering — the percentage of error will be o less, and a relatively greater number be eedlessly deprived of life.

Medical science, which has made such great strides in the last century in diminishing the once long list of "incurable" diseases, can never permit the practice of euthanasia without confessing to weakness and inability on the part of its practitioners. If our medical experts take the path of least resistance and reason that they need progress no further, then their time-honored service to the world would soon be forgotten, their oath would be meaningless, and they would bring their profession into disrepute. I believe that human suffering has been the great driving force of medical science and has kept it the most honored profession in our social existence. But, if we maintain our present status, the pioneers in the medical field, being human, will be spurred to further efforts by the suffering of the victims of these malignant and "incurable" diseases to the end that in time the once long list will be entirely effaced. To attain this end, legal euthanasia must never be permitted.

LEWIS E. LAWES
Ossining, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

If physicians were possessed of all possible knowledge concerning diagnosis, treatment, and prognosis and if they were invariably and absolutely honest, such supermen — to prevent suffering of patients and economical loss to society — might conceivably have the right to kill; but even a decision as to this right should be made only by men possessed of perfect knowledge, and then their decision might possibly be that they had no such right.

With reference to mental diseases and

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Our Rostrum

deformities, I believe society has a right, under proper regulations, to practice sterilization to prevent breeding inferior individuals, but to go so far as to permit euthanasia is to place a weapon in the hands of men not all of whom are as yet honest enough and intelligent enough to know where and when to use it.

H. S. CUMMING
Surgeon General
Public Health Service
Treasury Department
Washington, D. C.

THE SOCIAL GOSPEL

To the Editor:

As a very general comment on Arthur M. Hyde's letter [January FORUM] on "Economics and the Church" — I think the Church may choose to confine her own work to presenting the teachings of Jesus but must point out the duty of the Christian to create an environment in which the example of Jesus can be followed by ordinary human beings. For even the most devout are seldom ready to solve social problems by selling everything to feed the poor. Indeed Christianity cannot be truly taught in our present social order.

. . . . . .

MARGERY MANSFIELD
New York, N. Y.

MEXICAN SEMINAR

To the Editor:

May we, through your columns, draw the attention of your readers to the eleventh annual seminar in Mexico, to be held in Cuernavaca and Mexico City from July 9 to July 29, 1936, under the auspices of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America?

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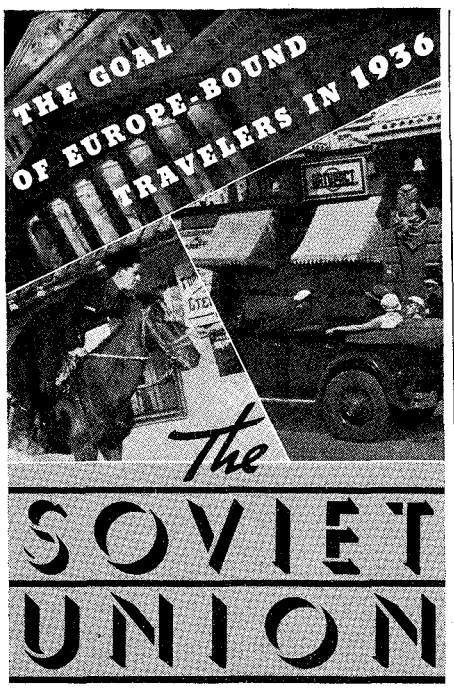

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TOASTS

STANLEY HIGH is a former foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* and was for two years Editor of the *Christian Herald*. More recently he was a current-events lecturer for the National Broadcasting Company. He is the author of numerous books on foreign affairs.

The ANONYMOUS author of "Monogamy Is an Art" is a suburban housewife who, in her odd moments (very odd moments, she says) writes essays, book reviews, and stories which have been published in a number of magazines.

ADELAIDE LOVE has written two volumes of poetry, *The Slender Singing Tree* and *The Crystal Flute*.

C. M. CHESTER began his career as a lawyer and branched into other fields. He headed the gigantic merger of companies which became the General Foods Corporation, of which he is President.

FRANCIS E. TOWNSEND was a family physician of Long Beach, California, before he conceived and founded Old Age Revolving Pensions, Limited.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT is a former United States Minister to Hungary. A journalist for many years, he is now on the editorial staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

WILLIAM GROPPER'S caustic talent with the pencil was the cause last year of a protest by the Japanese Government over a cartoon of his, representing the Emperor of Japan, in *Vanity Fair*.

MARY M. COLUM has returned to New York after several months teaching at the University of Miami, in Florida.

MAURY MAVERICK is the youngest of a family of eleven children which traces its Texas ancestry back to 1620. He is a World War veteran now serving his first term in the House of Representatives and distinguishing himself as few if any "freshmen" in the House have done before.

JOHN K. RYAN is a member of the faculty and Secretary of the School of Philosophy at the Catholic University of America, in Washington, D. C. He is the author of *Modern War and Basic Ethics*.

LUTHER C. STEWARD has had twenty-two years of government service, including positions with the Civil Service Commission, the railway mail service, and the wartime United States Employment Service. He is now President of the National Federation of Federal Employees.

FANNIE HURST, with whose novels everyone is familiar, is at present writing two books at once, an experiment she is undertaking for the first time.

PETER FLEMING is a young English writer whose adventurous travel book, *Brazilian Adventure*, was widely read here several years ago.

ROBERT HILLYER, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1933, is a FORUM contributor of long standing.

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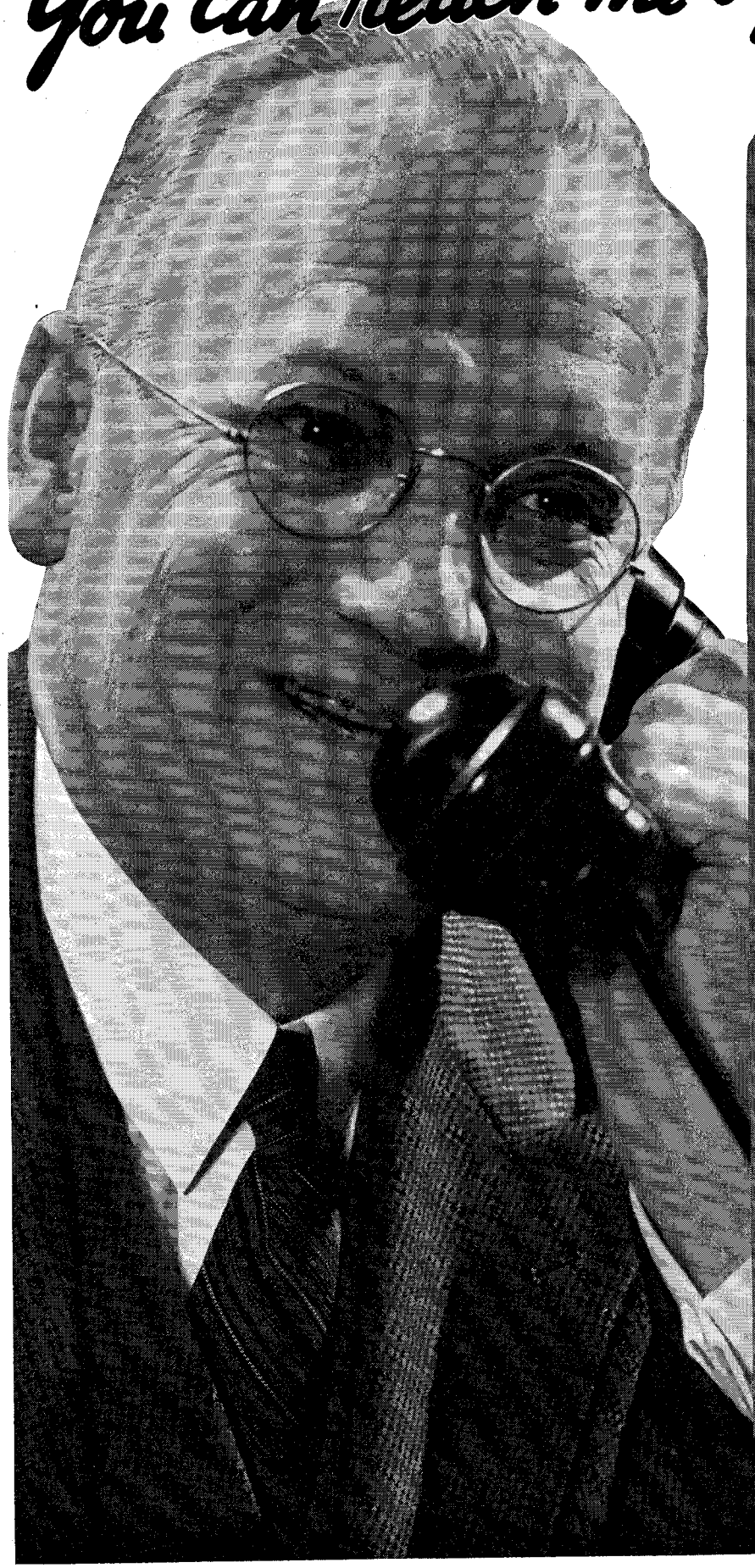

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Next Month

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POOR MAN'S COURT

Harry D. Nims

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THE UNBRANDED TEXAN

Oswald Garrison Villard

Read the article on page 295 of this issue. You will be constrained to believe that Maury Maverick is one of the strangest fish to pass the portals of the House of Representatives in many years — a whale among a school of minnows — and you will be right. Oswald Villard tells the story of Maverick in this next piece of his series on "Pillars of Government."

PITY THE POOR DRUGGIST!

Louis Browdy

There was a time when the profession of pharmacist or apothecary was an honored one. But if a young man should say to you today that he was going to make it his business, probably you would conjure a mental picture of the young man selling dollar books or lawn mowers or concocting chocolate sodas. Mr. Browdy has told well the melancholy saga of the "drug" store.

AMERICA SELF-CONTAINED?

Frank A. Southward

Mr. Southard re-examines the premises of those who assert that foreign trade is too inconsequential to justify any program for its preservation. He concludes that trade is trade: the loss of a million dollars' worth is no less grievous because one party to the trade is a foreigner. Are our industries so vulnerable, our businessmen so inferior, our labor so unskilled that only behind an impenetrable tariff wall can our industrial system remain alive?

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and Century

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THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 35 cents a copy; $4.00 a year; foreign subscription $5.00, Canadian $4.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 35 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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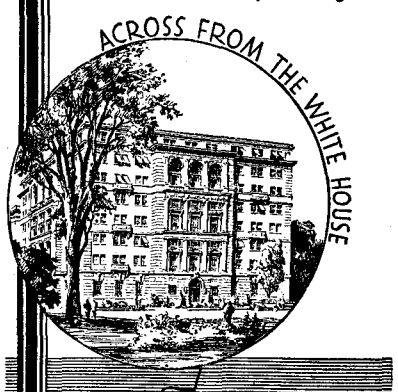

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THE BOOK PARADE

GEORGE ELIOT, A BIOGRAPHY, by Blanche Colton Williams (Macmillan, $4.00). This is the product of a scholarly woman's lifelong devotion to the study of another woman and of a passion for lucidly stated, well-ordered, close-packed biographical detail. It was her ambition, Dr. Williams confesses, to write the definitive biography of George Eliot. She was prevented from doing so only because a college had purchased the bulk of George Eliot's letters and reserved them to be edited by students. But Dr. Williams has not only accumulated all the documentary evidence available. She has also lived where George Eliot lived, made friends with descendants of George Eliot's family and the families of her friends and acquaintances. The result is that her book gives almost the effect of autobiography, of diary. It is almost pure narrative, makes no pretense of comment, of analysis, of literary criticism. The author called George Eliot sprang from the union of Mary Anne Evans and George Henry Lewes. Somehow in that passionate and passionately literary extramarital liason, which shocked Victorian England, a rather talented but hitherto undistinguished girl became a very powerful and successful novelist. The question is how? Dr. Williams has tried to answer that question or at least to give her readers every available fact to which reference can be made in tracing the life of this changeling and the sources of her fiction.

WE THE LIVING, by Ayn Rand (Macmillan, $2.50). The author of this story out of the heart of Soviet Russia, in staccato sentences sharp as shots from a machine gun, describes the black winter of 1922 and 1923 in Petro-Leningrad. Mercilessly she portrays a tyranny more intense and far-reaching than any under Czardom — the slow torture of semistarvation; the deprivation of beauty, gaiety, leisure; the inexorable commandeering of every hour of a worker's day, every thought, every emotion. Although the haughty class discrimination against the daughter of a factory owner or the son of an admiral makes their lives even more unbearable than those of their proletarian masters, on the whole the communists seem to be almost equally unhappy. The noblest character in the book is a communist — a hero if ever man was. Miss Rand is just and, like an artist with a true sense of proportion, she goes beyond personal and impermanent suffering to the deeper tragedy, the failure of an ideal. Hungry little Kira couldn't get a job because she had no union card. She couldn't get a union card unless she had a job. Her cry is the true theme of the book: "You have a right to kill as all fighters have, but no one before you has ever thought of forbidding life to the living!"

THE LIVING JEFFERSON, by James Truslow Adams (Scribner, $3.00). Mr. Adams focuses his talents soberly upon that very American creed of a "more abundant life" for the individual, which Jefferson championed so notably as to have become its symbol in the national mind. A public which has not yet paused to articulate, let alone evaluate, its ideals should turn to Mr. Adams' book with gratitude. In these pre-election days when talk of Jeffersonian democracy is heard from far and near, it is of first importance to know the exact significance of that term. The early chapters comprise a biography of Jefferson's ideals rather than of the man himself. They build candidly toward the conclusion, where Jeffersonian idealism is interpreted as a vital and perhaps powerful influence in today's affairs. In these final chapters Mr. Adams argues that throughout the course of our history periods of ascendancy have alternated with pendulumlike regularity for the Hamiltonian bloc, which believes in control of the mass by a privileged few, and in its turn for the Jeffersonian tradition, which refers authority to the concerted will of the people. But: "Every attempt to reduce the power of the people has failed from the days of Cotton and Winthrop down to the very present. For better or worse we live in the House of Democracy." Jeffersonism seems to him to signify conservation, Hamiltonism exploitation, of natural and human resources. His concluding plea is for a remolding of the Jeffersonian doctrines, so that they can be fitted to a nation differing radically in physical if not in moral aspects from the one to which they were originally applied.

SPARKENBROKE, by Charles Morgan (Macmillan, $2.75). The plots of this and two preceding books, *The Fountain* and *Portrait in a Mirror*, have all been imposed upon the same thematic material, becoming disparate patterns cut from the same cloth. They are related as phases of the author's brooding upon the attainment of perfection in life and together they sum up what he has to say about man's potential immortality. Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, is the current exponent of this theme. By every moral

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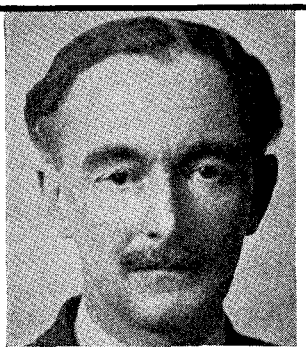

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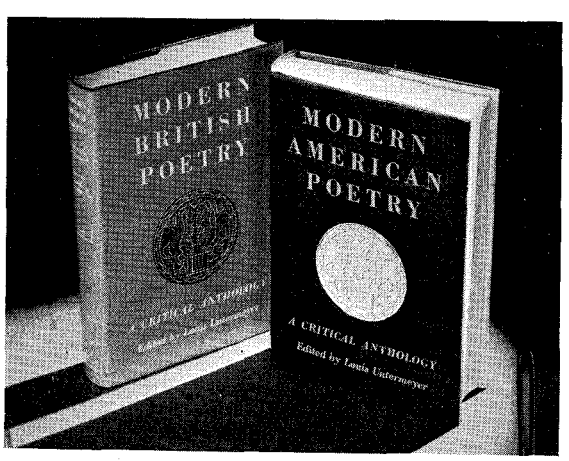

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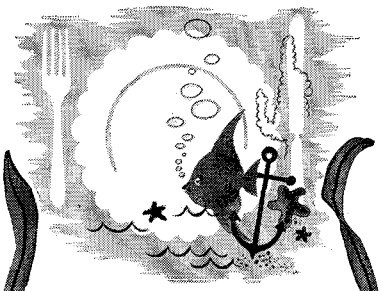
The Book Parade

precept a reprobate, he emerges perhaps unintentionally as a pitiable figure. An aristocrat by birth, a ruthlessly self-centered poet by vocation, and an adulterer by habit, he shocks the reader chiefly by the monotonous floundering of his intelligence. He cries ceaselessly for the moon and humiliates the reader by his immaturity. *Sparkenbroke* presents an embarrassment of riches but molds them to no obvious purpose. Mr. Morgan has recorded his confusions with deceptive suavity; it is startling to discover that he has failed to resolve them.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY, by H. V. Marrot (Scribner, $5.00). Mr. Marrot, has chosen not to project himself as the interpreter of his subject. Out of deference to the man he admired from schoolboy days, and whose friend he later became, he assumes the thankless role of a stage hand who scuttles unobtrusively about a platform setting the scene upon which the major character will perform. The happy result of this procedure is a heartwarming contact with a great writer, a stirring sense of immersion in the currents of his life. No mention can be made of Galsworthy without calling to mind *The Forsyte Saga*, that vivid panorama of Victorian England, which has taken rank as one of the longest-lived of contemporary novels. What immediate news interest the Marrot book contains is to be found in its confirmation of a legendary belief that the *Saga* is rooted in Galsworthy's family history. Again and again, as the author's life is revealed upon the pages of the biography, incidents are related which prick the reader by their familiarity. The parallels between fiction and reality were so obvious in the first book of the *Saga*, *The Man of Property*, that the author's sister, Lily, pleaded with him to suppress the manuscript. The reader ceases to wonder at the grandeur of *The Forsyte Saga* as he reaches the end of the volume Mr. Marrot has compiled. On each page there is some fresh contribution to the picture of a man who was generous, kindly, humble, courageous, and sincere.

DARKNESS AND DAWN, by Alexis Tolstoy (Longmans, Green, $2.50). This book reflects the utter confusion of Russia in 1918 — the endless talk attempting to put a halo around the Revolution, the faint-hearted capitulation of the bourgeoisie, the complicated counterplots of the White armies, the "white hands which were to save Russia from the dirty paws of the rabble." Even the good communists express a sense of failure. Passionate effort dies down, and the hope that the "resounding echo of the Revolution would be heard throughout the world was sinking low." Nevertheless the U.S.S.R. survives.



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The Book Parade

The author is descended from the great Tolstoy and also from Turgenev. He has assembled an impressive panorama of characters and a resounding confusion of events but he lacks the power to find a unifying principle or to create a real novel. It is a series of hurried snapshots, without strong emotional appeal in any direction and without a trace of the magic of style that lights the works of his great predecessors.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, by Edward Thompson (Yale University Press, $3.00). This biography of Sir Walter Raleigh is at the same time a very scholarly history of Elizabethan and Jacobean England, admirably interpretative, profoundly interesting to read, and profusely annotated. With a respect for truth which is rare in dealing with this peculiarly romantic era, the author drives home the point that "the Elizabethan world of fact is one the imagination dare not confront" — for there was beggary behind the splendor, barbarity as well as poetry, poison and treachery in court life, and savage cruelty in war. It is doubtful whether any other history of the "last of the Elizabethans" has painted such a vivid picture of his glamorous age or brought out so dramatically the tragic heroism of his career, the amazing scope of his genius. The world remembers Raleigh as a courtier of extraordinary devotion to an ungrateful queen — also as the man who introduced tobacco into Europe from the Virginia Colony, which he founded but never visited — but few are aware of his other attributes: he was historian, philosopher, poet, writer on naval affairs, shipbuilder, statesman, privateer, admiral, chemist, colonizer, administrator, patron of unpopular thinkers, champion of freedom, and, eventually, martyr. Throughout his life he was unfortunate, for he lacked diplomacy and common sense. Elizabeth's jealous vanity could not endure to have her courtiers marry, and Raleigh's devotion to her lady in waiting, Elizabeth Throckmorton, was the beginning of his downfall. He spent thirteen years in the Tower on a trumped-up charge of treachery to James I. At the age of sixty-six he was released and made an admiral in order that he might undertake another expedition to Guiana, because the King needed money and there was a rumor of gold mines. He returned from the ill-fated expedition to face the wrath of his monarch, when he might have escaped to France, or Virginia; and was finally executed as a mere gesture of propitiation to Spain.

STUBBORN ROOTS, by Elma Godchaux (Macmillan, $2.50). This story is noteworthy because it is a record of an unfamiliar phase of life — a Louisiana sugar plantation in the 'nineties. The author has a good feeling for locale, and makes the reader sympathize with her hero's struggle between love for his plantation and thralldom to his beautiful wife. If Miss Godchaux were only endowed with the power of Zola or Flaubert there would be a tragic significance in the havoc wrought by the mean-spirited beauty, but her style is so lacking in distinction or incisive power of characterization that Marie Elizabeth will not be remembered for long.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE, by Peter Freuchen (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.50). At nineteen, Peter Freuchen went out to the Arctic from his native Denmark to map unexplored districts of Greenland. After two years he returned home and made the acquaintance of Knud Rasmussen, half Eskimo. Together they returned to the Arctic, planning to annex the northern part of Greenland for Denmark. It would be a great injustice to Freuchen's book to attempt evaluation upon substance of the text, for in great measure the narrative's force lies in the manner of its telling. With the exception of brief and piercingly analytical interludes, Freuchen writes as he might have learned to talk during the long winter night in the north. Slowly and so subtly that the process seems occult, the woof and fabric of an entire civilization formulates in the reader's imagination. The reader is seldom aware of Freuchen as a dominating figure in his book. When occasionally he appears as a person of limitless courage and gallantry, one profoundly tolerant of human nature, he seems more a symbol forged by his adopted people in their image.

SOUTH RIDING, by Winifred Holtby (Macmillan, $2.50). The theme of this last novel by Winifred Holtby (she died in September) is the drama that underlies local government, the effect upon the lives of men and women of the apparently academic and impersonal resolutions passed by a county council, the complex tangle of public decisions and the unforeseen consequences of their enactment upon private lives. This Yorkshirewoman loved her "Riding" but she was rather more of a reformer than an artist and holds a strong brief for socialism, even though she makes her defeated country squire a tragically attractive figure. There is an impassioned plea for birth control in the story of Lydia Holly, the little drudge of the shacks who was thrilled by Shakespeare; and Sarah Burton, the red-headed schoolmistress, is a memorable addition to British fiction. The book is written with painstaking attention to detail and a good, workmanlike style; it has wisdom but little wit, sympathetic grasp of human suffering but no poetic fire.

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